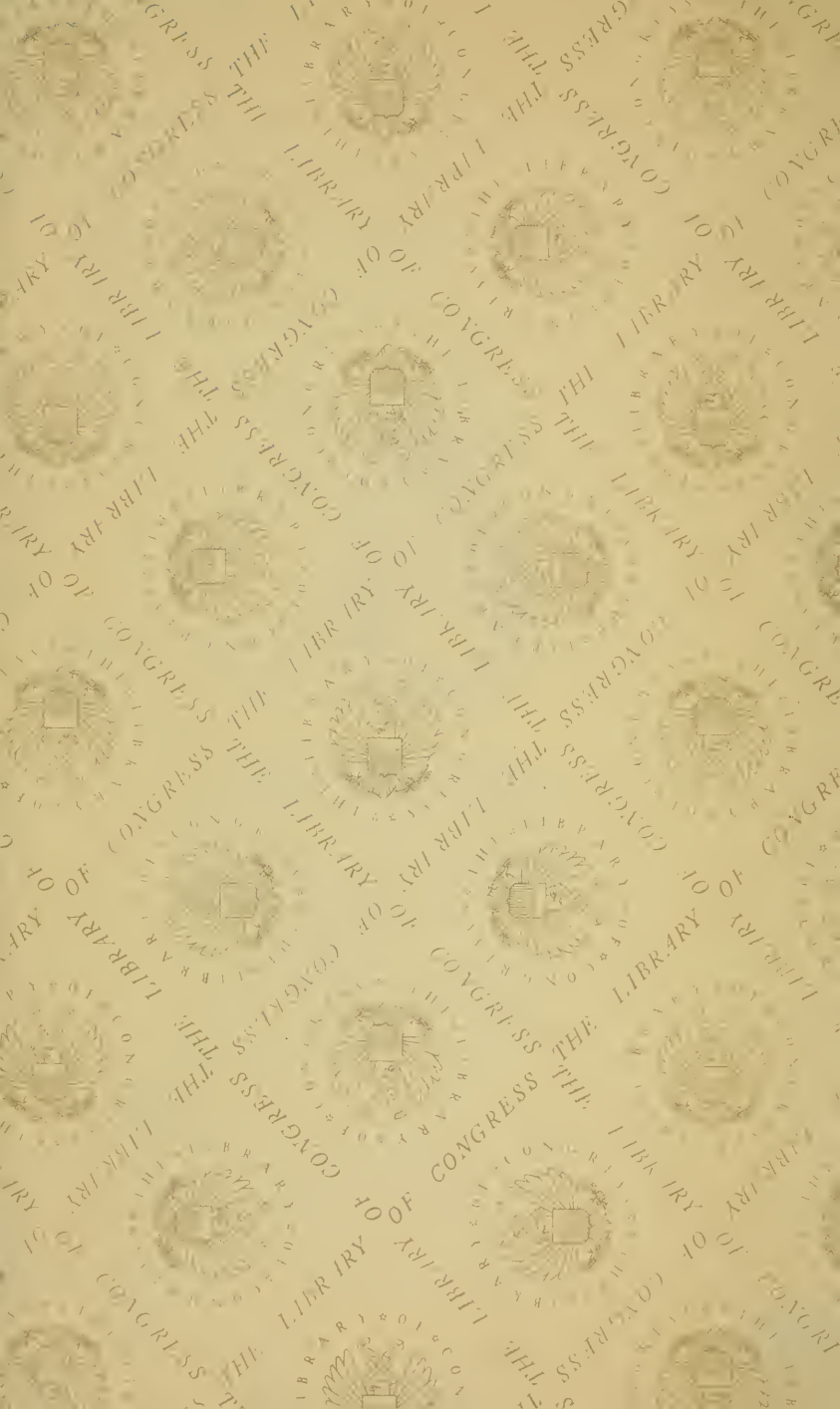
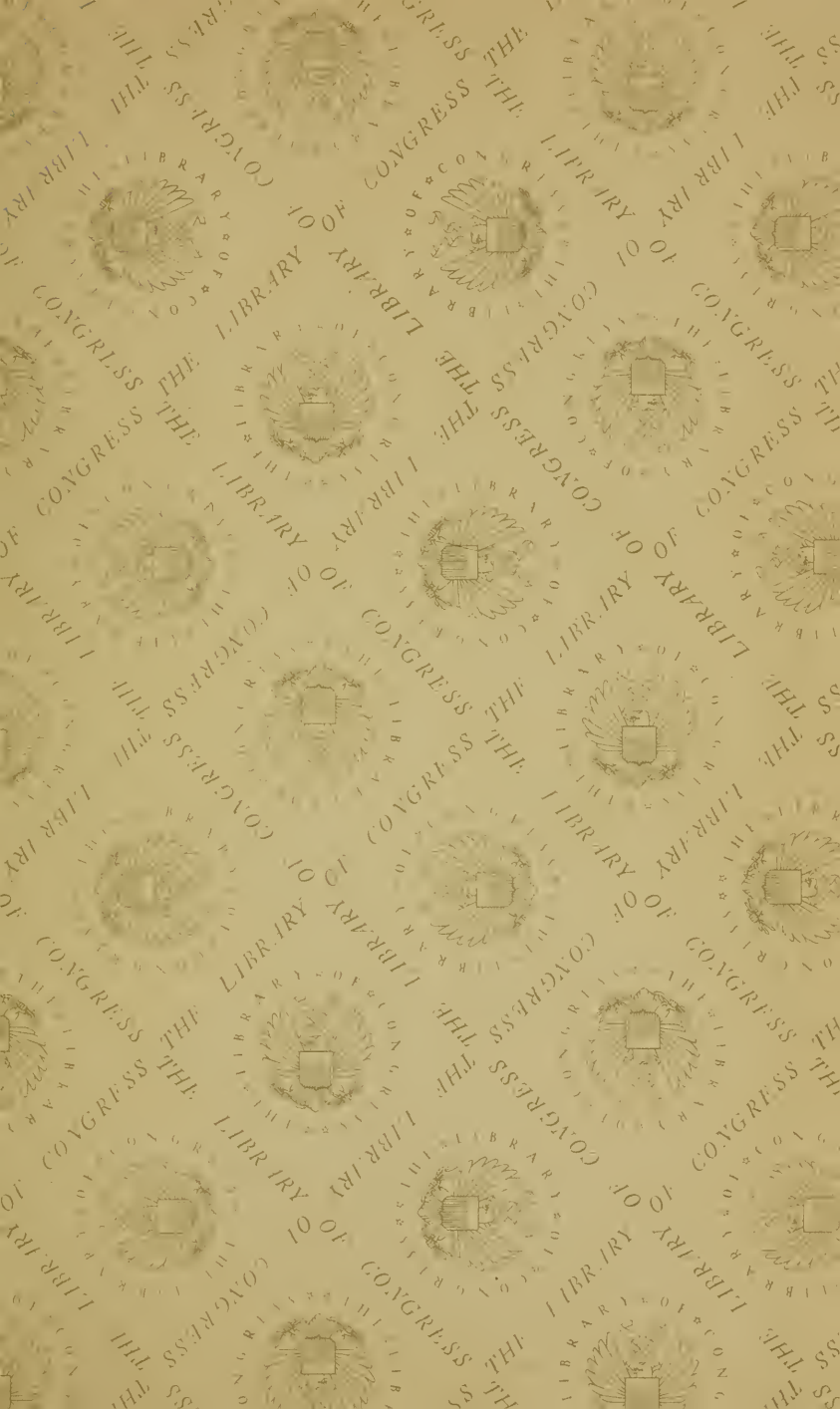




AS YOU LIKE IT

EDITED BY W. J. ROLFE









SHAKESPEARE'S

COMEDY OF

AS YOU LIKE IT

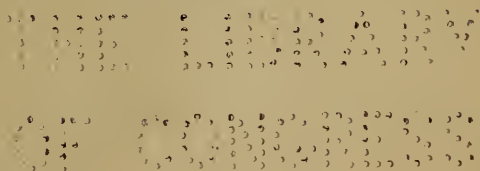
EDITED, WITH NOTES

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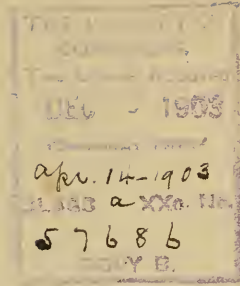


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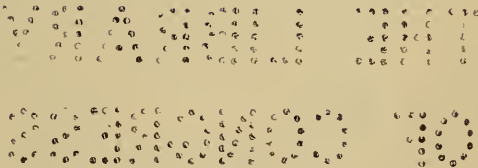
1903



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AS YOU LIKE IT.

W. P. I



PREFACE

THIS edition of *As You Like It* was first published in 1877. As now revised it is substantially a new edition on the same general plan as the revised *Merchant of Venice* and *Julius Cæsar* which have preceded it.

The greater part of the notes on *textual variations* have been either omitted or abridged. This play, with most of the others now read in schools and colleges, is now among the twelve plays that Dr. Furness has edited. No teacher can afford to do without his encyclopedic volumes, in which all the readings and notes of the early and the standard modern editions are epitomized, together with large extracts from the best commentators and much admirable criticism by Dr. Furness himself. His edition is, in fact, a condensed library of the literature relating to the play, giving in compact and inexpensive form a vast amount of valuable matter, much of which would otherwise be inaccessible to the great majority of teachers and students.

I have also omitted most of the "Critical Comments" from the introduction, as the books from which they were taken are now to be found in public and school libraries. For these extracts I have substituted familiar comments of my own, and have added more of the same kind in the Appendix. A concise account of Shakespeare's *metre* has also been inserted as an introduction to the Notes.

Minor changes have been made throughout the Notes. Some have been abridged, some have been expanded, and new ones have been added, including a considerable number in place of those referring to my editions of other plays. The book is now absolutely complete in itself.

I believe that teachers will prefer the new edition to the old one; but both can be used, without serious inconvenience, in the same class or club.

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OLIVER (Act IV. Scene 3)



THE FOREST OF ARDEN

INTRODUCTION TO AS YOU LIKE IT

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

As You Like It was first printed, so far as we know, in the folio of 1623. The earliest notice of it by name is found in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, on a leaf which does not belong to the regular records, but contains miscellaneous entries, notes, etc. Between two of these, the one dated in May, 1600, and the other in June, 1603, occurs the following memorandum :¹ —

¹ We print this as Wright gives it. In Halliwell-Phillipps's folio ed. it appears thus : —

4. Augusti

As you like yt / a booke	} to be staied.
Henry the ffift / a booke	
Euery man in his humour / a booke	
The commedie of muche A doo about nothing a booke /	

All these "books" are stated to be "my lord chamberlens menns plaies," which confirms the opinion that the entry refers to the year 1600. *Henry V.* and *Much Ado About Nothing* were duly licensed (the former on the 14th and the latter on the 23d of August) and published that year; and it is not likely that the plays would have been "staied" after the publication of two of them. The prohibition was probably removed soon after it was recorded; and the clerk may not have considered it worth the formality of a note in the body of the register.

On the other hand, *As You Like It* is not mentioned by Meres in his enumeration of Shakespeare's plays in *Palladis Tamia*, which was published in September, 1598; and it contains a quotation (iii. 5. 80) from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, the earliest known edition

4 Augusti.

As you like yt, a book. Henry the ffift, a book.	} To be staied.
Every man in his humor, a book. The Commedie of	
Much Adoo about nothinge, a book.	

Collier gives it twice (in the introductions to *Much Ado* and *A. Y. L.*), but the versions do not agree with each other or with either of the above. The matter is of little importance, and we refer to it only as illustrating one of the minor trials of an editor who cannot refer to original documents, but has to depend on copies made by others.

of which appeared in the same year. It may therefore be reasonably concluded, as nearly all the commentators agree, that *As You Like It* was written between September, 1598, and August, 1600 ; probably in the year 1599.

THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT

Shakespeare was chiefly indebted for the story of the play to a novel by Thomas Lodge, published in 1590 under the title of "*Rosalynde, Euphues Golden Legacie*, found after his death in his Cell at Silexedra, bequeathed to Philautus sonnes noursed up with their father in England, Fetcht from the Canaries by T. L., gent., Imprinted by T. Orwin for T. G. and John Busbie, 1590." This book was reprinted in 1592, and eight editions are known to have appeared before 1643. How closely the poet followed the novel may be seen by the extracts from the latter printed in the *Notes* below.

Lodge took some of the main incidents of his novel from *The Cokes Tale of Gamelyn*, which is found in a few of the later manuscripts of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, but which the best editors of that poet believe to be the production of another writer.

GENERAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY

"The sweetest and happiest of Shakespeare's comedies," as a genial and appreciative critic calls it ! It is one of that group of plays written at about the same time

—probably in immediate succession, though we cannot say in what order—which another critic terms “the three sunny or sweet-time comedies,” the others being *Much Ado* and *Twelfth Night*. For myself, I like to think of it as the first of the three, written when the author had just completed the series of English historical plays (not counting *Henry VIII.*, which came ten or more years later), and perhaps as a rest for his imagination,—the recreation that is gained by taking up a wholly different kind of literary work. The poet escaped for a season from camps and courts, and took a delightful vacation in the Forest of Arden. History was for the time forgotten, and free scope was given to imagination amid the scenes of a purely ideal life,—an Arcadia where they “fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.” The result is a pastoral drama in which we have almost unbroken sunshine, no more of shadow being introduced than serves to give variety to the scene. It is not the shadow that forebodes the coming of night or of tempest, but rather like that of the passing summer cloud, or like that of the green canopy of a pleasant wood, falling, flecked with sunlight sifted through the leaves, upon the velvet sward below. No one suffers seriously or for any great length of time. The banished Duke is only the happier for his exile, and exults in his freedom from the artificial restraints of the court; and in the end he is restored to his rank and position. His banishment has proved only a summer vacation, a rural “outing,” and we cannot doubt that he enjoyed his dukedom all

the more for his brief exemption from its formalities and responsibilities. In like manner Rosalind, Celia, and the rest, who are made temporarily uncomfortable by the banishment of the Duke and other causes, soon forget their troubles in the forest, and are all happy at last.

Some careful critic has found fault with Rosalind because she goes to seek her father in the forest, and then apparently forgets all about him after she gets there. But this is only another illustration of the careless, free-and-easy character of the play. Nobody could be long anxious in that Forest of Arden. No matter what cares and troubles one brought thither, these soon vanished and were forgotten in the enchanted atmosphere. Things might not be entirely to one's mind at first, but one felt that they must soon become "as you like it."

And this reminds me of the dispute as to the origin and significance of the title of the play. It may have been suggested, as some have supposed, by the preface to Lodge's novel of *Rosalynde*, to which the poet was indebted for his plot. Lodge says to his readers concerning the novel, "*If you like it, so,*"—that is, "so be it," or "well and good." The German critic Tieck fancied that the title was meant as a reply to Ben Jonson's criticisms on the loose and irregular style of Shakespeare's comedy. Ben was a scholar, and believed in the classical rules for dramatic composition. The free-and-easy methods of his brother playwright were rank heterodoxy in his eyes, and he could not help sometimes expressing his righteous horror at them. In the preface to *Cynthia's*

Revels he had said of his own play, " 'T is good, and *if you like it* you may ;" and Tieck believed that this suggested to Shakespeare the title for *As You Like It*; as if he had said, " Well, here is another of my careless comedies : take it *as you like it*." But it does not seem to me at all probable that Shakespeare would select the name for a play solely or mainly to indulge in a little hit at another author — and a hit that would not be readily understood without an explanation.

Whatever may have *suggested* the title,—and, as I have said, it may have been Lodge's preface,—I have no doubt that it was adopted as fitly expressing the tone and temper of the play. This is the view of another German critic, Ulrici, who, in summing up his argument, says : " In fact all [the characters] do exactly what and as they please. . . . Each looks upon and shapes life as it pleases him or her. . . . It is the poetic reflex of a life *as you like it*, light and smooth in its flow, unencumbered by serious tasks, free from the fetters of definite objects and from intentions difficult to execute ; an amusing play of caprice, of imagination, and of wavering sensations and feelings."

Charles Lamb called *Love's Labour's Lost* " the comedy of leisure " ; but, as Verplanck remarks, " he might have given the title in a higher sense to *As You Like It*, where the pervading feeling is that of a refined and tasteful, yet simple and unaffected, throwing-off of the stiff 'lendings' of artificial society." For myself, I would call it the *summer vacation* comedy. As I have

Professor Barrett Wendell, that it is "childish and absurd"; and yet, as he adds, "it has been for three hundred years the groundwork of perhaps the most constantly delightful and popular comedy in the English language." This is partly due to the subtle influence of the "charmèd air" of that Forest of Arden, in which we forget to be critical. We can sympathize with the poet Campbell, who, when he first detected some of the incongruities in this play, after having been blind to them for many years, shut his eyes to the faults because of his love for the comedy — and love, as he said, is "wilfully blind." "Away with your best-proved improbabilities when the heart has been touched and the fancy fascinated!" But it was not the scene and the atmosphere alone that made him — that make us — love the play, but the fact that the leading characters are not mere puppets, as we might expect them to be in so crude a story, but living men and women. We cannot help loving *them*, and following their experiences with the keenest interest and sympathy.

Shakespeare's characters, indeed, become so real to us that we keep up our interest in them after the curtain has fallen upon their fortunes. We speculate concerning their subsequent behaviour and welfare, and dispute about their probable fate. We even enjoy going back of the beginning of the drama, as Mary Cowden-Clarke has done in her *Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*, and Lady Martin in some of her delightful studies of the characters she had personated. The questions suggested

by the unwritten history of these shadowy folk, these phantoms of a poet's brain, whom we have seen for an hour or two on the stage, have a perennial fascination. We can never settle them, but we never tire of pondering and discussing them.

The metre of *As You Like It* is that of Shakespeare's best period in that respect. In his earliest plays the verse, though often exquisitely modulated, is sometimes laboured and formal. He had not then mastered the art of concealing the art. In his last plays, on the other hand, he seems to feel a certain contempt for the rules of versification, and refuses to be restrained by them. There are long passages in *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale* which, if we heard them read without knowing their source, we might take to be plain prose. At the same time it must be admitted that some of the poet's finest versification is to be found here and there in these late plays.

But in *As You Like It*, as in other plays of the same period,—about the middle of the poet's career as a writer,—we have the utmost perfection of blank verse; at once finished and flowing, artistically musical, yet seeming to “sing itself,”—the art of the accomplished minstrel, while it impresses us as the artlessness of the lark or the nightingale.

This play also contains what, to my thinking, is the best example of musical variation in repeating the same thought or sentiment to be found anywhere in Shakespeare. It is where (ii. 7) Orlando, in his address to the Duke, says :—

“If ever you have look’d on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll’d to church,
If ever sat at any good man’s feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip’d a tear,
And know what ’t is to pity and be pitied,” etc.

It would seem that this could hardly be altered without marring it; but, faultless as it is, Shakespeare shows that he can repeat it “with a difference,” yet with no diminution of its beauty or its music. The Duke replies:—

“True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll’d to church,
And sat at good men’s feasts, and wip’d our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender’d,” etc.

Every statement is varied, while the leading words are retained; and the variation is like that of some exquisite theme in music, repeated, yet not the same, but as sweet as before. One finds scattered examples of this fine modulation of melodious verse in the plays and poems, but no one that equals this.

This play is also a good illustration of Shakespeare’s art in the management of *dramatic time*. Only two of his plays, *The Comedy of Errors* and *The Tempest*, observe the “unities of time and place,” which require that the time of the action represented shall not exceed a single day, and that the place shall be limited either to a single locality, or to localities so near that the persons concerned can pass from one to another within the day. In most of Shakespeare’s plays the time of the action covers

several days, months, or years ; and the localities are often widely separated — England and France, Bohemia and Sicily, etc.

But though Shakespeare thus ignores the classical law concerning time, he follows what may be called an artistic law of his own in dealing with time, which was not recognized by any of the critics until about fifty years ago ; and then, as often happens with important discoveries, two men detected it independently at the same time. In November, 1849, Professor John Wilson ("Christopher North") announced this law in *Blackwood's Magazine* as "an astounding discovery," illustrating it minutely by an analysis of *Macbeth* and *Othello* ; and the Rev. N. J. Halpin, during the same month, published an essay on *Dramatic Unities in Shakespeare*, illustrating the same law by an analysis of *The Merchant of Venice*. There could be no question that the two men had been working independently, and had reached identical results.

The law may be briefly stated thus : Shakespeare uses two kinds of time in the plays : one *fast*, corresponding to the brief time required for the action on the stage ; the other *slow*, corresponding to the longer time necessary for the actual succession of events represented. The law has been aptly and more concisely designated as "Shakespeare's *two clocks*," one of which goes fast while the other goes slow.

Apparently this manner of dealing with dramatic time was original with Shakespeare ; at least, it was used by

him in all his plays (except the two I have mentioned in which the unity of time is observed), and in all the details of their action, while it seldom, if ever, appears in the works of other dramatists.

In *As You Like It* the two kinds of time are very easily recognized, and it is for this reason that I refer to the subject in connection with this play.

When the banishment of the old Duke is first mentioned, we infer that it occurred very recently. Oliver, though a gentleman living near the court, has not heard of it until Charles the wrestler tells him about it, and Charles himself seems to have only an imperfect knowledge of the main facts. "Where will the old Duke live?" Oliver asks. "*They say*," replies Charles, "he is already in the Forest of Arden," etc. There are reasons for this "fast time" here, which a careful student or reader will have no difficulty in discovering.

"Slow time" appears very soon afterward. In Scene 3, when the new Duke is banishing Rosalind, he says, in reply to the protest of Celia, that it was for her sake that the daughter was not exiled with the father. Celia replies:—

"I did not then entreat to have her stay ;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.
I was *too young* that time to value her,
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable."

This certainly throws the banishment of the old Duke several years back into the past. Note also his own speech at the opening of the second act : —

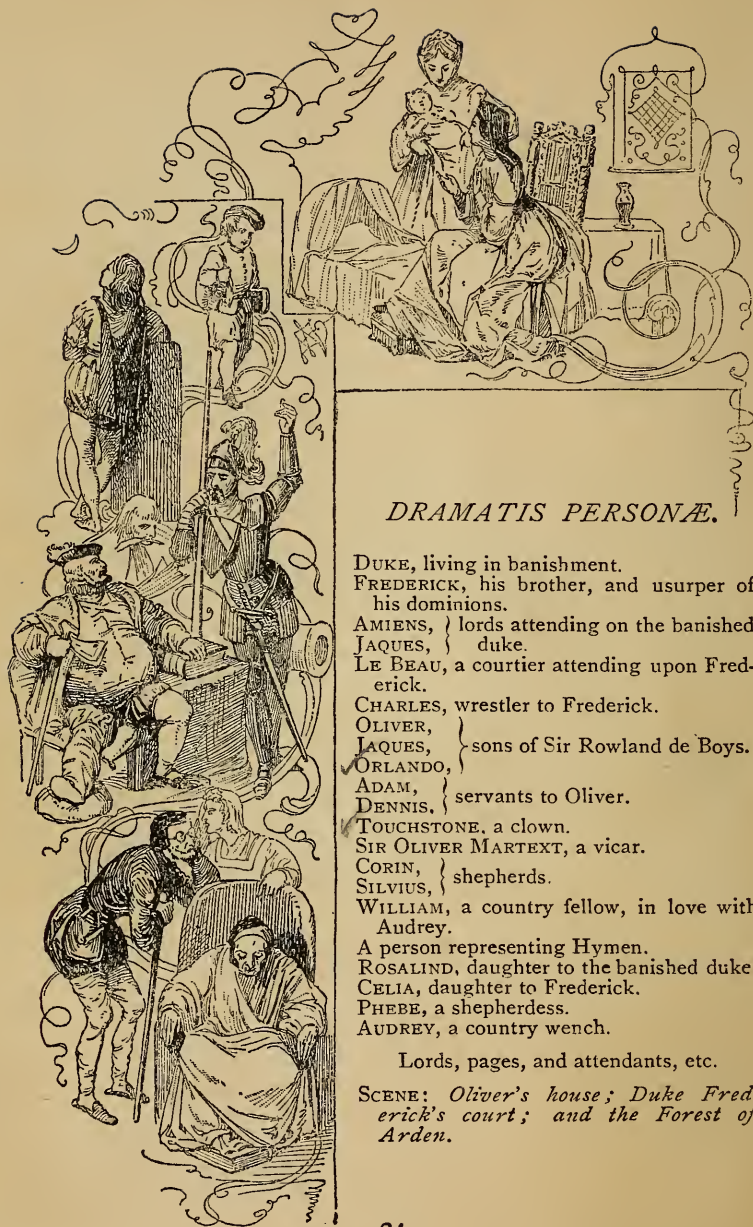
“Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not *old custom* made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court ?
 Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.
 The seasons’ difference,” etc.

Clearly he and his friends have been in the forest long enough to get used to life there, and to experience “the seasons’ difference” — the winter as well as the summer.

I need not continue this analysis further in the play. The reader will find it a profitable exercise to follow it out for himself.

[Professor Wilson’s paper may be found in *Blackwood* for November, 1849, with a continuation in the number for April, 1850. It is reprinted in the *Transactions of the New Shakspere Society*, 1875-76, pp. 351-387; where it is followed (pp. 388-412) by a reprint of Rev. Mr. Halpin’s pamphlet.]

AS YOU LIKE IT



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- DUKE, living in banishment.
 FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.
 AMIENS, } lords attending on the banished
 JAQUES, } duke.
 LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.
 CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.
 OLIVER, }
 JAQUES, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
 ORLANDO, }
 ADAM, } servants to Oliver.
 DENNIS, }
 TOUCHSTONE, a clown.
 SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.
 CORIN, }
 SILVIUS, } shepherds.
 WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
 A person representing Hymen.
 ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.
 CELIA, daughter to Frederick.
 PHEBE, a shepherdess.
 AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, and attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*



"TO LIBERTY, AND NOT TO BANISHMENT"

ACT I

SCENE I. *Orchard of Oliver's House*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM

Orlando. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you

that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred ¹⁰ better, for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me; he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, ²⁰ that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orlando. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER

Oliver. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orlando. Nothing; I am not taught to make any thing.

³⁰

Oliver. What mar you then, sir?

Orlando. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oliver. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orlando. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oliver. Know you where you are, sir?

40

Orlando. O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oliver. Know you before whom, sir?

Orlando. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to 50 his reverence.

Oliver. What, boy!

Orlando. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oliver. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orlando. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys: he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy 60 tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oliver. Let me go, I say.

Orlando. I will not, till I please; you shall hear

me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education ; you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it. Therefore allow me ⁷⁰ such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament ; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oliver. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you ; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orlando. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oliver. Get you with him, you old dog. 80

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. — God be with my old master ! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

Oliver. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. — Holla, Dennis !

Enter DENNIS

Dennis. Calls your worship?

Oliver. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Dennis. So please you, he is here at the door and ⁹⁰ importunes access to you.

Oliver. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'T will be a good way ; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Oliver. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Charles. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news : that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile¹⁰⁰ with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke ; and therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oliver. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Charles. O, no ; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter ;¹¹⁰ and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oliver. Where will the old duke live?

Charles. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him ; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oliver. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

120

Charles. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in. Therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, 130 that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

Oliver. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambi- 140 tion, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't, for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by

some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, ¹⁵⁰ there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Charles. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so, God keep your worship!

Oliver. Farewell, good Charles. — [*Exit Charles.* Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an ¹⁶⁰ end of him, for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Lawn before the Duke's Palace*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND

Celia. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Rosalind. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Celia. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so ¹⁰ thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Rosalind. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Celia. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection. ²⁰ By mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster! Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Rosalind. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Celia. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Rosalind. What shall be our sport, then?

³⁰

Celia. Let us sit and mock the good housewife

Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Rosalind. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Celia. 'T is true ; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Rosalind. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's⁴⁰ office to Nature's ; Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE

Celia. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Rosalind. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Celia. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work⁵⁰ neither, but Nature's, who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone ; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit ! Whither wander you?

Touchstone. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Celia. Were you made the messenger?

Touchstone. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

60

Rosalind. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touchstone. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught. Now I 'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Celia. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Rosalind. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touchstone. Stand you both forth now; stroke 70 your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Celia. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touchstone. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn. No more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Celia. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest? 80

Touchstone. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Celia. My father's love is enough to honour him enough. Speak no more of him; you 'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touchstone. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Celia. By my troth, thou sayest true ; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes 90
Monsieur Le Beau.

Rosalind. With his mouth full of news.

Celia. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Rosalind. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Celia. All the better ; we shall be the more marketable. —

Enter LE BEAU

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau ; what 's the news ?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport. 100

Celia. Sport ! of what colour ?

Le Beau. What colour, madam ? how shall I answer you ?

Rosalind. As wit and fortune will.

Touchstone. Or as the destinies decree.

Celia. Well said ; that was laid on with a trowel.

Touchstone. Nay, if I keep not my rank, —

Rosalind. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies ; I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost 110
the sight of.

Rosalind. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end ; for the

best is yet to do, and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Celia. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons, —

Celia. I could match this beginning with an old tale. 120

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence, —

Rosalind. With bills on their necks, ‘Be it known unto all men by these presents.’

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke’s wrestler, which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him; so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that 130 all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Rosalind. Alas!

Touchstone. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touchstone. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Celia. Or I, I promise thee.

139

Rosalind. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? — Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here ; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Celia. Yonder, sure, they are coming ; let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants

Duke Frederick. Come on ; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness. 150

Rosalind. Is yonder the man ?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Celia. Alas, he is too young ! yet he looks successfully.

Duke Frederick. How now, daughter and cousin ! are you crept hither to see the wrestling ?

Rosalind. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke Frederick. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, 160 but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies ; see if you can move him.

Celia. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke Frederick. Do so ; I 'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orlando. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Rosalind. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler ?

Orlando. No, fair princess ; he is the general challenger. I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Celia. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength ; if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

Rosalind. Do, young sir ; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orlando. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial ; wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious ; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Rosalind. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Celia. And mine, to eke out hers.

Rosalind. Fare you well ; pray heaven I be deceived in you !

Celia. Your heart's desires be with you ! 199

Charles. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orlando. Ready, sir ; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke Frederick. You shall try but one fall.

Charles. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orlando. You mean to mock me after ; you should not have mocked me before. But come your ways. 209

Rosalind. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man !

Celia. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*They wrestle.*

Rosalind. O excellent young man !

Celia. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout. Charles is thrown.*

Duke Frederick. No more, no more.

Orlando. Yes, I beseech your grace ; I am not yet well-breathed.

Duke Frederick. How dost thou, Charles ?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord. 220

Duke Frederick. Bear him away.—What is thy name, young man?

Orlando. Orlando, my liege ; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke Frederick. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,

But I did find him still mine enemy.

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well ; thou art a gallant youth. 230

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exeunt Duke Frederick, train, and Le Beau.]

Celia. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orlando. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Rosalind. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind.

Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Celia. Gentle cousin, 240

Let us go thank him and encourage him ;
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. — Sir, you have well deserv'd ;
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Rosalind. Gentleman,

[Giving him a chain from her neck.]

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more but that her hand lacks means. —
Shall we go, coz?

Celia. Ay. — Fare you well, fair gentleman. 249

Orlando. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts

Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Rosalind. He calls us back. My pride fell with my
fortunes ;

I'll ask him what he would. — Did you call, sir? —

Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown

More than your enemies.

Celia. Will you go, coz?

Rosalind. Have with you. — Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Orlando. What passion hangs these weights upon my
tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown !

260

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Enter LE BEAU

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you

To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd

High commendation, true applause, and love,

Yet such is now the duke's condition

That he misconstrues all that you have done.

The duke is humorous ; what he is, indeed,

More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orlando. I thank you, sir ; and, pray you, tell me
this :

Which of the two was daughter of the duke

270

That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners ;

But yet indeed the smaller is his daughter.

The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,

To keep his daughter company, whose loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you that of late this duke

Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,

Grounded upon no other argument

280

But that the people praise her for her virtues

And pity her for her good father's sake ;

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady

Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well ;

Hereafter, in a better world than this,

I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orlando. I rest much bounden to you ; fare you well. —

[*Exit Le Beau.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;

From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother. —

289

But heavenly Rosalind !

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Room in the Palace*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND

Celia. Why, cousin ! why, Rosalind ! Cupid have mercy ! not a word ?

Rosalind. Not one to throw at a dog.

Celia. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs ; throw some of them at me. Come, lame me with reasons.

Rosalind. Then there were two cousins laid up ; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Celia. But is all this for your father?

10

Rosalind. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world !

Celia. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery ; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Rosalind. I could shake them off my coat ; these burs are in my heart.

Celia. Hem them away.

Rosalind. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.

20

Celia. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Rosalind. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself !

Celia. O, a good wish upon you ! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son ?

Rosalind. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

30

Celia. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly ? By this kind of chase, I should hate

him, for my father hated his father dearly ; yet I hate not Orlando.

Rosalind. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Celia. Why should I not ? doth he not deserve well ?

Rosalind. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. — Look, here comes the duke.

Celia. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke Frederick. Mistress, despatch you with your
safest haste, 40

And get you from our court.

Rosalind. Me, uncle ?

Duke Frederick. You, cousin ;

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Rosalind. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic, —
As I do trust I am not, — then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn 50
Did I offend your highness.

Duke Frederick. Thus do all traitors ;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Rosalind. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor ;
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke Frederick. Thou art thy father's daughter ; there 's
enough.

Rosalind. So was I when your highness took his duke-
dom ;

So was I when your highness banish'd him.

Treason is not inherited, my lord ;

60

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What 's that to me ? my father was no traitor.

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much

To think my poverty is treacherous.

Celia. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke Frederick. Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your
sake,

Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Celia. I did not then entreat to have her stay ;

It was your pleasure and your own remorse.

I was too young that time to value her,

70

But now I know her. If she be a traitor,

Why so am I ; we still have slept together,

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,

Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke Frederick. She is too subtle for thee ; and her
smoothness,

Her very silence and her patience,

Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool ; she robs thee of thy name,

And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous 80
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips :
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her ; she is banish'd.

Celia. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege ;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke Frederick. You are a fool. — You, niece, provide yourself ;

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]

Celia. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine. 90
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Rosalind. I have more cause.

Celia. Thou hast not, cousin.
Prithee, be cheerful ; know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Rosalind. That he hath not.

Celia. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No ; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us ; 100
And do not seek to take the charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out,
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Rosalind. Why, whither shall we go?

Celia. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Rosalind. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Celia. I 'll put myself in poor and mean attire, 110
And with a kind of umber smirch my face.
The like do you ; so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

Rosalind. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand ; and, in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,
We 'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have 120
That do outface it with their semblances.

Celia. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Rosalind. I 'll have no worse a name than Jove's own
page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Celia. Something that hath a reference to my state ;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Rosalind. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel? 130

Celia. He 'll go along o'er the wide world with me ;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*



"A POOR SEQUESTER'D STAG"

ACT II

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden*

*Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and two or three Lords,
like foresters*

Duke Senior. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.

The seasons' difference, — as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery' — these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it.

10

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

20

Duke Senior. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,

30

To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish ; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

40

Duke Senior.

But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping into the needless stream :

'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more

To that which had too much.' Then, being there alone,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends :

50

'Tis right,' quoth he ; 'thus misery doth part

The flux of company.' Anon a careless herd,

Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,

And never stays to greet him. 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,

'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens,

'Tis just the fashion ; wherefore do you look

Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'

Thus most invectively he pierceth through

The body of the country, city, court,

Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we

60

Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what 's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke Senior. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Second Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke Senior. Show me the place ;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he 's full of matter.

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Palace*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords

Duke Frederick. Can it be possible that no man saw
them?

It cannot be ; some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her abed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

Second Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler

That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke Frederick. Send to his brother ; fetch that gallant hither.

If he be absent, bring his brother to me ;
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

20

[*Exeunt.*SCENE III. *Before Oliver's House**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting*

Orlando. Who 's there ?

Adam. What, my young master ? O my gentle master !
O my sweet master ! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland ! why, what make you here ?
Why are you virtuous ? why do people love you ?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant ?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous duke ?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies ?
No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it !

10

Orlando. Why, what 's the matter ?

Adam.

O unhappy youth !

Come not within these doors ; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother — no, no brother ; yet the son —
Yet not the son, I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father —
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it ; if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him in his practices.
This is no place ; this house is but a butchery.
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

20

Orlando. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me
go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here. 30

Orlando. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my
food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do.
Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown.

40

Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant.
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you ;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orlando. O good old man ! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having ; it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways ; we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore

Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week ;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden*

*Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for ALIENA,
and TOUCHSTONE*

Rosalind. O Jupiter ! how weary are my spirits !

Touchstone. I care not for my spirits, if my legs
were not weary.

Rosalind. I could find in my heart to disgrace my
man's apparel and to cry like a woman, but I must
comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought
to show itself courageous to petticoat ; therefore
courage, good Aliena !

Celia. I pray you, bear with me ; I cannot go no
further.

10

Touchstone. For my part, I had rather bear with
you than bear you ; yet I should bear no cross if I
did bear you, for I think you have no money in your
purse.

Rosalind. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touchstone. Ay, now am I in Arden ; the more
fool I ! when I was at home, I was in a better place :
but travellers must be content.

Rosalind. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. — Look

you who comes here ; a young man and an old in 20
solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS

Corin. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Silvius. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love
her !

Corin. I partly guess ; for I have lov'd ere now.

Silvius. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow ;
But if thy love were ever like to mine —
As sure I think did never man love so —
How many actions most ridiculous 30
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Corin. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Silvius. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily !
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd ;
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd ;
Or if thou hast not broke from company 40
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe !

[*Exit.*

Rosalind. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy
wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touchstone. And I mine. I remember when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked; and I 50 remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Rosalind. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touchstone. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Rosalind. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion 60
Is much upon my fashion.

Touchstone. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Celia. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Touchstone. Holla, you clown!

Rosalind. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Corin. Who calls?

Touchstone. Your betters, sir.

Corin. Else are they very wretched.

Rosalind. Peace, I say. — Good even to you, friend.

Corin. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all. 70

Rosalind. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold

Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succour.

Corin. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her ;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

80

Rosalind. What is he that shall buy his flock and
pasture?

Corin. That young swain that you saw here but
erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

90

Rosalind. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Celia. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Corin. Assuredly the thing is to be sold.
Go with me ; if you like upon report

The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
 I will your very faithful feeder be,
 And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

99

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE V. *The Forest**Enter AMIENS, JAKUES, and others*

SONG

Amiens. *Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.*

Jaques. More, more, I prithee, more !

Amiens. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur 10
Jaques.

Jaques. I thank it. More, I prithee, more ! I can
 suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs.
 More, I prithee, more !

Amiens. My voice is ragged ; I know I cannot
 please you.

Jaques. I do not desire you to please me ; I do
 desire you to sing. Come, more ; another stanza —
 call you 'em stanzas ?

Amiens. What you will, Monsieur Jaques. 20

Jaques. Nay, I care not for their names ; they owe me nothing. Will you sing ?

Amiens. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaques. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I 'll thank you ; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing ; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Amiens. Well, I 'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the 30 while ; the duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaques. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company ; I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG

Who doth ambition shun

[All together here.

And loves to live i' the sun,

Seeking the food he eats

And pleas'd with what he gets, 40

Come hither, come hither, come hither ;

Here shall he see

No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Amiens. And I'll sing it.

Jaques. Thus it goes : —

*If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame ;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.*

50

Amiens. What's that 'ducdame?'

Jaques. 'T is a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can ; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the firstborn of Egypt.

60

Amiens. And I'll go seek the duke ; his banquet is prepared.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI. *The Forest*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food ! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orlando. Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart in thee ? Live a little, comfort a little, cheer thyself

a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable ; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently, and if I bring ¹⁰ thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die ; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said ! thou lookest cheerly, and I 'll be with thee quickly. — Yet thou liest in the bleak air ; come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam ! [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *The Forest*

A table set out. Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and Lords like Outlaws

Duke Senior. I think he be transform'd into a beast ; For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence ; Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke Senior. If he, compact of jars, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres. Go seek him ; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Senior. Why, how now, monsieur ! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company ! 10

What, you look merrily !

Jaques. A fool, a fool ! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool ! — a miserable world ! —

As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.

'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'

And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock ;
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags.

'T is but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 't will be eleven ;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot ;
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, 30
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission

An hour by his dial. — O noble fool !
A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

Duke Senior. What fool is this ?

Jaques. O worthy fool ! — One that hath been a courtier.
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it ; and in his brain,

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd 40
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. — O that I were a fool !
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Senior. Thou shalt have one.

Jaques. It is my only suit ;

Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please, for so fools have ;
And they that are most galled with my folly, 50
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so ?
The ' why ' is plain as way to parish church.
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
But to seem senseless of the bob ; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley ; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, 60
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Senior. Fie on thee ! I can tell what thou
wouldst do.

Jaques. What, for a counter, would I do but good ?

Duke Senior. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin ;
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,

As sensual as the brutish sting itself,
And all the embossed sores and headed evils
That thou with license of free foot hast caught
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaques. Why, who cries out on pride, 70
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name
When that I say the city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery is not on my cost, 80
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then ; how then ? what then ? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him. If it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself ; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. — But who comes here ?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn

Orlando. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaques. Why, I have eat
none yet.

Orlando. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaques. Of what kind should this cock come of ? 90

Duke Senior. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy
distress,

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orlando. You touch'd my vein at first ; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility, yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say ;
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaques. An you will not be answered with reason, I too
must die.

Duke Senior. What would you have? Your gentleness
shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orlando. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Senior. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our
table.

Orlando. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,

And know what 't is to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be ;
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke Senior. True is it that we have seen better days, 120
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd ;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step 130
Limp'd in pure love ; till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Senior. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orlando. I thank ye ; and be blest for your good
comfort ! [Exit.

Duke Senior. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy ;
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaques. All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players ; 140
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school ; and then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow ; then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard, 150
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth ; and then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide 160
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Enter ORLANDO, with ADAM

Duke Senior. Welcome. Set down your venerable
burden,
And let him feed.

Orlando. I thank you most for him.

Adam.

So had you need ;

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

170

Duke Senior. Welcome ; fall to. I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes. —
Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG

Amiens. *Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.*

Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly ; 180
*Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly ;
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly !*

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot ;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.*

Heigh-ho ! sing, etc.

190

Duke Senior. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's
son,

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke
That lov'd your father ; the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. — Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is. —
Support him by the arm. — Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.* 200



"SWEET PHEBE, DO NOT SCORN ME"

ACT III

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and OLIVER

Duke Frederick. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be ;

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument

Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it ;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is.
Seek him with candle ; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands, 10
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oliver. O that your highness knew my heart in this !
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke Frederick. More villain thou. — Well, push him
out of doors,
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Forest*

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper

Orlando. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love ;
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I 'll character,
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

[*Exit.* 10]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

✓ *Touchstone.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well ; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well ; but as there is no more plenty in 20 it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Corin. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends ; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn ; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun ; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred. 30

✓ *Touchstone.* Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Corin. No, truly.

✓ *Touchstone.* Then thou art damned.

Corin. Nay, I hope, —

Touchstone. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Corin. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touchstone. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd. 40

Corin. Not a whit, Touchstone; those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touchstone. Instance, briefly; come, instance. 50

Corin. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touchstone. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow! A better instance, I say; come.

Corin. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touchstone. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again! A more sounder instance; come.

Corin. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet. 60

Touchstone. Most shallow man! thou worms'-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of

the wise, and perpend ; civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Corin. You have too courtly a wit for me ; I'll rest.

Touchstone. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man ! God make incision in thee ! thou art raw. 70

Corin. Sir, I am a true labourer : I earn that I eat, get that I wear ; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness ; glad of other men's good, content with my harm ; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touchstone. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds ; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape. 80

Corin. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper

Rosalind. *From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.*

Touchstone. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted ; it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Rosalind. Out, fool !

Touchstone. For a taste :

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.

If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.

100

Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.

They that reap must sheaf and bind ;
Then to cart with Rosalind.

Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.

He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses ; why do you infect yourself with them ?

110

Rosalind. Peace, you dull fool ! I found them on a tree.

Touchstone. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Rosalind. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar ; then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country, for you 'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that 's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touchstone. You have said ; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, with a writing

Rosalind. Peace !

120

Here comes my sister, reading ; stand aside.

Celia. [Reads]

Why should this a desert be ?

For it is unpeopled ? No ;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show :

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age ;

Some, of violated vows

130

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend.

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write,

Teaching all that read to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide-enlarg'd ;

140

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,

Cleopatra's majesty,

Atalanta's better part,

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

*Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.*

*Heaven would that she these gifts should have, 150
And I to live and die her slave.*

Rosalind. O most gentle Jupiter ! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, ' Have patience, good people !'

Celia. How now ! back, friends !— Shepherd, go off a little. — Go with him, sirrah.

Touchstone. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat ; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.]

Celia. Didst thou hear these verses? 160

Rosalind. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too ; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Celia. That's no matter ; the feet might bear the verses.

Rosalind. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Celia. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these 170 trees ?

Rosalind. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came ; for look here what I found

on a palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Celia. Trow you who hath done this?

Rosalind. Is it a man?

Celia. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck? Change you colour? 180

Rosalind. I prithee, who?

Celia. O Lord, Lord! It is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Rosalind. Nay, but who is it?

Celia. Is it possible?

Rosalind. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Celia. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, 190
out of all whooping!

Rosalind. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery. I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy 200
tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Celia. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rosalind. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful ; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Celia. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Rosalind. Nay, but the devil take mocking ! speak sad brow and true maid.

210

Celia. I' faith, coz, 't is he.

Rosalind. Orlando?

Celia. Orlando.

Rosalind. Alas the day ! what shall I do with my doublet and hose ? — What did he when thou sawest him ? What said he ? How looked he ? Wherein went he ? What makes he here ? Did he ask for me ? Where remains he ? How parted he with thee ? and when shalt thou see him again ? Answer me in one word.

220

Celia. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first ; 't is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Rosalind. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel ? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled ?

Celia. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover ; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found ²³⁰ him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Rosalind. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Celia. Give me audience, good madam.

Rosalind. Proceed.

Celia. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Rosalind. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Celia. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee ; it ²⁴⁰ curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Rosalind. O, ominous ! he comes to kill my heart.

Celia. I would sing my song without a burden ; thou bringest me out of tune.

Rosalind. Do you not know I am a woman ? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Celia. You bring me out. — Soft ! comes he not here ?

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES

Rosalind. 'T is he ; slink by, and note him. 250

Jaques. I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orlando. And so had I ; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaques. God be wi' you ! let's meet as little as we can.

Orlando. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaques. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orlando. I pray you, mar no moe of my verses ²⁶⁰
with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaques. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orlando. Yes, just.

Jaques. I do not like her name.

Orlando. There was no thought of pleasing you
when she was christened.

Jaques. What stature is she of?

Orlando. Just as high as my heart.

Jaques. You are full of pretty answers. Have you
not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and ²⁷⁰
conned them out of rings?

Orlando. Not so; but I answer you right painted
cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaques. You have a nimble wit; I think 't was
made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me?
and we two will rail against our mistress the world and
all our misery.

Orlando. I will chide no breather in the world but
myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaques. The worst fault you have is to be in love. ²⁸⁰

Orlando. 'T is a fault I will not change for your
best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaques. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when
I found you.

Orlando. He is drowned in the brook; look but
in, and you shall see him.

Jaques. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orlando. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaques. I'll tarry no longer with you ; farewell, good Signior Love.

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Orlando. I am glad of your departure ; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*]

Rosalind. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. — Do you hear, forester?

Orlando. Very well : what would you?

Rosalind. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orlando. You should ask me what time o' day ; there 's no clock in the forest.

Rosalind. Then there is no true lover in the forest ; 300 else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orlando. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Rosalind. By no means, sir ; Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orlando. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Rosalind. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid 310 between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized : if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orlando. Who ambles Time withal?

Rosalind. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout ; for the one sleeps easily

because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain ; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no³²⁰ burden of heavy tedious penury ; these Time ambles withal.

Orlando. Who doth he gallop withal?

Rosalind. With a thief to the gallows ; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orlando. Who stays it still withal?

Rosalind. With lawyers in the vacation ; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.³³⁰

Orlando. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Rosalind. With this shepherdess, my sister ; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orlando. Are you native of this place?

Rosalind. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orlando. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Rosalind. I have been told so of many ; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who³⁴⁰ was in his youth an inland man, one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orlando. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Rosalind. There were none principal ; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it. 350

Orlando. I prithee, recount some of them.

Rosalind. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him. 360

Orlando. I am he that is so love-shaked ; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Rosalind. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you ; he taught me how to know a man in love, in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orlando. What were his marks?

Rosalind. A lean cheek, which you have not ; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not ; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not ; a beard neglected, which you have not ; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man ; you 370

are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orlando. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rosalind. Me believe it! you may as soon make³⁸⁰ her that you love believe it, which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orlando. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rosalind. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak? 390

Orlando. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Rosalind. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orlando. Did you ever cure any so?

Rosalind. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was⁴⁰⁰ to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me; at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shal-

low, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour ; would now like him, now loathe him ; then entertain him, then forswear him ; now weep for him, then spit at him ; that I drave my suitor from his mad⁴¹⁰ humour of love to a living humour of madness, which was to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him ; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orlando. I would not be cured, youth.

Rosalind. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orlando. Now, by the faith of my love, I will ; tell⁴²⁰ me where it is.

Rosalind. Go with me to it and I'll show it you, and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orlando. With all my heart, good youth.

Rosalind. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. — Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Forest*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY ; JAUQUES behind

Touchstone. Come apace, good Audrey ; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey, And how, Audrey?

am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Audrey. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touchstone. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaques. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse ¹⁰ than Jove in a thatched house!

Touchstone. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Audrey. I do not know what poetical is; is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touchstone. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and ²⁰ what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Audrey. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touchstone. I do, truly, for thou swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Audrey. Would you not have me honest?

Touchstone. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have ³⁰ honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaques. [*Aside*] A material fool !

Audrey. Well, I am not fair ; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest !

Touchstone. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Audrey. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touchstone. Well, praised be the gods for thy foul-⁴⁰ness ! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaques. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

Audrey. Well, the gods give us joy !

Touchstone. Amen ! A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt ; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts.⁵⁰ But what though ? Courage ! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, ' many a man knows no end of his goods : ' right ! many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife ; 't is none of his own getting. Are horns given to poor men alone ? No, no ; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed ? No ; as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bach-⁶⁰

elor ; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver. —

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met ; will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oliver. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touchstone. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oliver. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful. 70

Jaques. [*Advancing*] Proceed, proceed ; I 'll give her.

Touchstone. Good even, good Master What-ye-call-'t ; how do you, sir? You are very well met ; God 'ield you for your last company ! I am very glad to see you ; — even a toy in hand here, sir ; — nay, pray be covered.

Jaques. Will you be married, motley?

Touchstone. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires ; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling. 80

Jaques. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is. This fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot ; then one of you will

prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touchstone. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I 90
were better to be married of him than of another ; for
he is not like to marry me well, and not being well
married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to
leave my wife.

Jaques. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touchstone. Come, sweet Audrey. —
Farewell, good Master Oliver ; not —

‘ *O sweet Oliver,*
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee :’

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but —

‘ *Wind away,*
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.’

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*

Sir Oliver. ’T is no matter ; ne’er a fantastical
knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The Forest. Before a Cottage*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA

Rosalind. Never talk to me ; I will weep.

Celia. Do, I prithee ; but yet have the grace to
consider that tears do not become a man.

Rosalind. But have I not cause to weep?

Celia. As good cause as one would desire ; therefore weep.

Rosalind. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Celia. Something browner than Judas's ; marry, his kisses are Judas's own children. 10

Rosalind. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Celia. An excellent colour ; your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Rosalind. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Celia. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana ; a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously ; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Rosalind. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not? 20

Celia. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Rosalind. Do you think so?

Celia. Yes. I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer ; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Rosalind. Not true in love?

Celia. Yes, when he is in ; but I think he is not in.

Rosalind. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Celia. Was is not is ; besides, the oath of a lover 30 is no stronger than the word of a tapster ; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Rosalind. I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was ; I told him, of as good as he, so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Celia. O, that's a brave man ! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and 40
breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover ; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. — Who comes here?

Enter CORIN

Corin. Mistress and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Celia. Well, and what of him? 50

Corin. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Rosalind. O, come, let us remove ;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. —
Bring us to see this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Forest**Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE*

Silvius. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me, do not, Phebe ;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon ; will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind

Phebe. I would not be thy executioner ;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murther in mine eye ; 10
'T is pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murtherers !
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
Now counterfeit to swoon ; why, now fall down ;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murtherers !
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee. 20
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure

Thy palm some moment keeps ; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Silvius. O dear Phebe,
If ever — as that ever may be near —
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible 30
That love's keen arrows make.

Phebe. But till that time
Come not thou near me ; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Rosalind. [*Advancing*] And why, I pray you? Who
might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty, —
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed, —
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? 40
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. — 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too ! —
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it ;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship. —
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,

Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain? 50
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman; 't is such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her. —
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love,
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets. 60
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer. —
So take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well.

Phebe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together;

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Rosalind. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. — If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. — Why look you so upon me?

Phebe. For no ill will I bear you. 70

Rosalind. I pray you, do not fall in love with me, For I am falser than vows made in wine;
Besides, I like you not. — If you will know my house, 'T is at the tuft of olives here hard by. —
Will you go, sister? — Shepherd, ply her hard. —
Come, sister. — Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud; though all the world could see,

None could be so abus'd in sight as he. —
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*]

Phebe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might, 80
'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'

Silvius. Sweet Phebe, —

Phebe. Ha ! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Silvius. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phebe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Silvius. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be ;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love your sorrow and my grief

Were both extermin'd.

Phebe. Thou hast my love ; is not that neighbourly?

Silvius. I would have you.

Phebe. Why, that were covetousness. 90

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,

And yet it is not that I bear thee love ;

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure, and I'll employ thee too.

But do not look for further recompense

Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Silvius. So holy and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps ; loose now and then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phebe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere-while?

Silvius. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phebe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.

'T is but a peevish boy ; yet he talks well,
But what care I for words ? yet words do well 110
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth — not very pretty ;
But, sure, he 's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.
He 'll make a proper man ; the best thing in him
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall ; yet for his years he 's tall.
His leg is but so-so ; and yet 't is well.

There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red 120

Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 't was just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him ; but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not, and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him ;
For what had he to do to chide at me ?

He said mine eyes were black and my hair black,
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me. 130

I marvel why I answer'd not again ;

But that's all one, omittance is no quittance.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

And thou shalt bear it ; wilt thou, Silvius ?

Silvius. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phebe.

I'll write it straight ;

The matter's in my head and in my heart.

I will be bitter with him and passing short.

Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*



"BE OF GOOD CHEER, YOUTH"

ACT IV

SCENE I. *The Forest*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES

Jaques. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Rosalind. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaques. I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

Rosalind. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaques. Why, 't is good to be sad and say nothing.

Rosalind. Why then, 't is good to be a post.

Jaques. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, ¹⁰ which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious ; nor the lawyer's, which is politic ; nor the lady's, which is nice ; nor the lover's, which is all these ; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Rosalind. A traveller! By my faith, you have great ²⁰ reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's ; then, to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaques. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Rosalind. And your experience makes you sad ! I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad ; and to travel for it too !

Enter ORLANDO

Orlando. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind !

Jaques. Nay, then God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit. ³⁰

Rosalind. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller. Look you

lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. — Why, how now, Orlando ! where have you been all this while ? You a lover ! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orlando. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

40

Rosalind. Break an hour's promise in love ! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orlando. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Rosalind. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight ; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orlando. Of a snail ?

50

Rosalind. Ay, of a snail ; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head, — a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman ; besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orlando. What's that ?

Rosalind. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for ; but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orlando. Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

60

Rosalind. And I am your Rosalind.

Celia. It pleases him to call you so, but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Rosalind. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orlando. I would kiss before I spoke.

Rosalind. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orlando. How if the kiss be denied?

Rosalind. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orlando. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Rosalind. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orlando. What, of my suit?

Rosalind. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orlando. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Rosalind. Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

Orlando. Then in mine own person I die.

Rosalind. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor⁹⁰ world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp was drowned, and the foolish chroni-¹⁰⁰clers of that age found it was — Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orlando. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Rosalind. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orlando. Then love me, Rosalind.

110

Rosalind. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orlando. And wilt thou have me?

Rosalind. Ay, and twenty such.

Orlando. What sayest thou?

Rosalind. Are you not good?

Orlando. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a

good thing? — Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. — Give me your hand, Orlando. — What ¹²⁰ do you say, sister?

Orlando. Pray thee, marry us.

Celia. I cannot say the words.

Rosalind. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando —'

Celia. Go to. — Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orlando. I will.

Rosalind. Ay, but when?

Orlando. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Rosalind. Then you must say, 'I take thee, Rosa- ¹³⁰
lind, for wife.'

Orlando. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Rosalind. I might ask you for your commission, but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orlando. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Rosalind. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orlando. For ever and a day.

140

Rosalind. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando: men are April when they woo, December when they wed; (maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.) I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my

desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orlando. But will my Rosalind do so?

Rosalind. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orlando. O, but she is wise.

Rosalind. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orlando. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, 'Wit, whither wilt?'

Rosalind. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orlando. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Rosalind. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orlando. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Rosalind. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orlando. I must attend the duke at dinner ; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Rosalind. Ay, go your ways, go your ways, I knew what you would prove ; my friends told me as much, 180 and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me ; 't is but one cast away, and so, come, death ! — Two o'clock is your hour ?

Orlando. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Rosalind. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that 190 may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful ; therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orlando. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind ; so adieu.

Rosalind. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try ; adieu.

[*Exit Orlando.*

Celia. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate ; we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

200

Rosalind. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love ! But it cannot be sounded ; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Celia. Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Rosalind. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge ²¹⁰ how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando ; I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Celia. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Forest*

Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters

Jaques. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaques. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror, and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

Forester. Yes, sir.

Jaques. Sing it ; 't is no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG

Forester. *What shall he have that kill'd the deer?* 10

His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home.

[*The rest shall bear this burthen.*

*Take thou no scorn to wear the horn ;
It was a crest ere thou wast born ;
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it.
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.* [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Forest*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA

Rosalind. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando !

Celia. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth — to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS

Silvius. My errand is to you, fair youth ;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this.
I know not the contents ; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

10

Rosalind. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer ; bear this, bear all.
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners ;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will !
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt ;

Why writes she so to me? — Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

20

Silvius. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Rosalind. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.

I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand. I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands.
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter.
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Silvius. Sure, it is hers.

30

Rosalind. Why, 't is a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian. Woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Silvius. So please you, for I never heard it yet,
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Rosalind. She Phebes me; mark how the tyrant writes.

[Reads] *Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,*

40

That a maiden's heart hath burn'd? —

Can a woman rail thus?

Silvius. Call you this railing?

Rosalind. [Reads]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,

Warr'st thou with a woman's heart? —

Did you ever hear such railing? —

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me. —*

Meaning me a beast. —

*If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind:
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make,
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

50

60

Silvius. Call you this chiding?

Celia. Alas, poor shepherd!

Rosalind. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. — Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit Silvius.*

70

Enter OLIVER

Oliver. Good morrow, fair ones ; pray you, if you know
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepcote fenc'd about with olive trees?

Celia. West of this place down in the neighbour
bottom ;

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place. 80
But at this hour the house doth keep itself ;
There 's none within.

Oliver. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description ;
Such garments and such years : ' The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister ; the woman low
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owners of the house I did enquire for?

Celia. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are. 90

Oliver. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. — Are you he?

Rosalind. I am ; what must we understand by this?

Oliver. Some of my shame ; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Celia. I pray you, tell it.

Oliver. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again

Within an hour, and pacing through the forest, 100
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell ! He threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself !
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back ; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth. But suddenly, 110
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush, under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 't is
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother. 120

Celia. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother ;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd amongst men.

Oliver. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Rosalind. But, to Orlando ; did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

Oliver. Twice did he turn his back and purpos'd so ;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness, 130
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Celia. Are you his brother?

Rosalind. Was 't you he rescued?

Celia. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oliver. 'T was I, but 't is not I; I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Rosalind. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oliver. By and by.

When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd, 140
As how I came into that desert place, —
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love,
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound; 150
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin

Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth

That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. [*Rosalind swoons.*]

Celia. Why, how now, Ganymede ! sweet Ganymede !

Oliver. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Celia. There is more in it. — Cousin Ganymede !

Oliver. Look, he recovers.

160

Rosalind. I would I were at home.

Celia. We 'll lead you thither. —

I pray you, will you take him by the arm ?

Oliver. Be of good cheer, youth ; you a man ! you lack a man's heart.

Rosalind. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited ! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. — Heigh-ho !

Oliver. This was not counterfeit ; there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

170

Rosalind. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oliver. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Rosalind. So I do ; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Celia. Come, you look paler and paler ; pray you, draw homewards. — Good sir, go with us.

Oliver. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Rosalind. I shall devise something ; but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. — Will you go ?

[*Exeunt.*]



“HERE COMES A PAIR OF VERY STRANGE BEASTS”

ACT V

SCENE I. *The Forest*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

Touchstone. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Audrey. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touchstone. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Audrey. Ay, I know who 't is : he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Touchstone. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for ; we shall be flouting, we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM

William. Good even, Audrey.

Audrey. God ye good even, William.

William. And good even to you, sir.

Touchstone. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head ; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

William. Five and twenty, sir.

20

Touchstone. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

William. William, sir.

Touchstone. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

William. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touchstone. Thank God !— a good answer. Art rich?

William. Faith, sir, so-so.

Touchstone. So-so is good, very good, very excellent good ; and yet it is not, it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

30

William. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touchstone. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but

the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

William. I do, sir.

40

Touchstone. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

William. No, sir.

Touchstone. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have, for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he. Now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

William. Which he, sir?

Touchstone. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon, — which is in the vulgar 50
leave, — the society, — which in the boorish is
company, — of this female, — which in the common is
woman; which together is, abandon the society of
this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better
understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make
thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty
into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in
bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in fac-
tion, I will o'errun thee with policy, I will kill thee
a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and 60
depart.

Audrey. Do, good William.

William. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter CORIN

Corin. Our master and mistress seeks you ; come, away, away !

Touchstone. Trip, Audrey ! trip, Audrey !— I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Forest*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER

Orlando. Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oliver. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting ; but say with me, I love Aliena ; say with her that she loves me ; consent with both that we may enjoy each other. It shall be to your good ; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd. 10

Orlando. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow ; thither will I invite the duke and all 's contented followers. Go and prepare Aliena ; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND

Rosalind. God save you, brother.

Oliver. And you, fair sister.

[*Exit.*

Rosalind. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

20

Orlando. It is my arm.

Rosalind. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orlando. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Rosalind. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orlando. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Rosalind. O, I know where you are. Nay, 't is true; there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I₃₀ came, saw, and overcame.' For your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed than they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orlando. They shall be married to-morrow, and I₄₀ will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Rosalind. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orlando. I can live no longer by thinking.

Rosalind. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some ⁵⁰ purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are ; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things ; I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture ⁶⁰ cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven ; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orlando. Speakest thou in sober meanings ?

Rosalind. By my life, I do, which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends ; for if you will be ⁷⁰ married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phebe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To show the letter that I writ to you.

Rosalind. I care not if I have ; it is my study
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd ;
Look upon him, love him ; he worships you. 79

Phebe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love.

Silvius. It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And I for no woman.

Silvius. It is to be all made of faith and service ;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And I for no woman. 90

Silvius. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obedience ;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And so am I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And so am I for no woman.

Phebe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ? 100

Silvius. If this be so, why blame you me to love
you ?

Orlando. If this be so, why blame you me to love
you ?

Rosalind. Why do you speak too, 'Why blame you me to love you?'

Orlando. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Rosalind. Pray you, no more of this; 't is like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. — [*To Silvius*] I will help you, if I can. — [*To Phebe*] I would 110
love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. — [*To Phebe*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow. — [*To Orlando*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow. — [*To Silvius*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. — [*To Orlando*] As you love Rosalind, meet; — [*To Silvius*] as you love Phebe, meet; — and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you commands. 120

Silvius. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phebe. Nor I.

Orlando. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Forest*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

Touchstone. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Audrey. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages

First Page. Well met, honest gentlemen.

Touchstone. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Second Page. We are for you ; sit i' the middle. 10

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Second Page. I' faith, i' faith ; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG

*It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding; 20
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, etc.*

*This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, etc.*

And therefore take the present time, 30
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, etc.

Touchstone. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir ; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touchstone. By my troth, yes ; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you, and 40
God mend your voices ! — Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Forest*

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO,
OLIVER, *and* CELIA

Duke Senior. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised ?

Orlando. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes
do not ;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE

Rosalind. Patience once more, whiles our compact
is urg'd. —

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke Senior. That would I, had I kingdoms to give
with her.

Rosalind. And you say you will have her when I
bring her?

Orlando. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. 10

Rosalind. You say you 'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phebe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Rosalind. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phebe. So is the bargain.

Rosalind. You say that you 'll have Phebe, if she will?

Silvius. Though to have her and death were both one
thing.

Rosalind. I have promis'd to make all this matter
even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter ;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter — 20
Keep your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd.—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me ;—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Duke Senior. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orlando. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter ;

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 30
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

Jaques. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark ! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touchstone. Salutation and greeting to you all !

Jaques. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is 40
the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest ; he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touchstone. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure ; I have flattered a lady ; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy ; I have undone three tailors ; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaques. And how was that ta'en up ?

Touchstone. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause. 50

Jaques. How seventh cause ? — Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Senior. I like him very well.

Touchstone. God 'ield you, sir ! I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and forswear, according

as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, 60 as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke Senior. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touchstone. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaques. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touchstone. Upon a lie seven times removed—bear your body more seeming, Audrey—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard. He 70 sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was; this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself; this is called the Quip Modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment; this is called the Reply Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true; this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say I lied; this is called the Countercheck 80 Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaques. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touchstone. I durst go no further than the Lie Cir-

cumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct ; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaques. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie ?

Touchstone. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, 90 as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees : the first, the Retort Courteous ; the second, the Quip Modest ; the third, the Reply Churlish ; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant ; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome ; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance ; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct ; and you may avoid that too, with an 'If.' I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an 'If,' as, 'If 100 you said so, then I said so ;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your 'If' is the only peacemaker ; much virtue in 'If.'

Jaques. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord ? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Senior. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND in her proper habit, and CELIA. Still Music

Hymen. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter ;
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Rosalind. [To Duke] To you I give myself, for I am
yours.—

[To Orlando] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke Senior. If there be truth in sight, you are my
daughter.

Orlando. If there be truth in sight, you are my
Rosalind.

Phebe. If sight and shape be true, 120

Why then, my love adieu !

Rosalind. I'll have no father, if you be not he ;—
I'll have no husband, if you be not he ;—
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hymen. Peace, ho ! I bar confusion.

'T is I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events ;
Here 's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents. 130

You and you no cross shall part ;—
You and you are heart in heart ;—
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord ;—
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.—

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
 Feed yourselves with questioning,
 That reason wonder may diminish,
 How thus we met, and these things finish. 140

SONG

*Wedding is great Juno's crown ;
 O blessed bond of board and bed !
 'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;
 High wedlock then be honoured !
 Honour, high honour and renown,
 To Hymen, god of every town !*

Duke Senior. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me !

Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

Phebe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine ;
 Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. 150

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS

Jaques de Boys. Let me have audience for a word or two.

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
 That bring these tidings to this fair assembly :
 Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
 Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
 Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot,
 In his own conduct, purposely to take
 His brother here and put him to the sword.

And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man, 160
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world ;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke Senior. Welcome, young man ;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom. —
First, in this forest let us do those ends 170
That here were well begun and well begot ;
And after, every of this happy number
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry. —
Play, music ! — And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaques. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly, 180
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaques de Boys. He hath.

Jaques. To him will I ; out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd. —
[*To Duke*] You to your former honour I bequeath ;

Your patience and your virtue well deserves it —

[*To Orlando*] You to a love that your true faith doth merit. —

[*To Oliver*] You to your land and love and great allies. —

[*To Silvius*] You to a long and well-deserved bed. 190

[*To Touchstone*] And you to wrangling ; for thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd. — So, to your pleasures ;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Senior. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaques. To see no pastime I ; what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke Senior. Proceed, proceed ; we will begin these
rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

EPILOGUE

Rosalind. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue, but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 't is true that a good play needs no epilogue ; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play ! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me ; my way is 10
to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men,

to like as much of this play as please you ; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, — as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them, — that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not ; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces ²⁰ or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES



NOTES

INTRODUCTION

THE METRE OF THE PLAY.—It should be understood at the outset that *metre*, or the mechanism of verse, is something altogether distinct from the *music* of verse. The one is matter of rule, the other of taste and feeling. Music is not an absolute necessity of verse; the metrical form is a necessity, being that which constitutes the verse.

The plays of Shakespeare (with the exception of rhymed passages, and of occasional songs and interludes) are all in unrhymed or *blank* verse; and the normal form of this blank verse is illustrated by the first line of verse in the present play (i. 2. 225): “I would thou hadst been son to some man else”; or line 230 just below: “But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth.”

Either line, it will be seen, consists of ten syllables, with the even syllables (2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th) accented, the odd syllables (1st, 3d, etc.) being unaccented. Theoretically, it is made up of

five *feet* of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable. Such a foot is called an *iambus* (plural, *iambuses*, or the Latin *iambi*), and the form of verse is called *iambic*.

This fundamental law of Shakespeare's verse is subject to certain modifications, the most important of which are as follows : —

1. After the tenth syllable an unaccented syllable (or even two such syllables) may be added, forming what is sometimes called a *female line* ; as in i. 2. 231 : "I would thou hadst told me of another father." The rhythm is complete with the first syllable of *father*, the second being an extra eleventh syllable. In line 259 : "I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference," we have two extra syllables, the rhythm being complete with the first syllable of *conference*.

2. The accent in any part of the verse may be shifted from an even to an odd syllable ; as in lines 241, 243 : —

"Let us go thank him and encourage him ;

* * * * * *

Sticks me at heart. — Sir, you have well deserv'd."

In both lines the accent is shifted from the second to the first syllable. This change occurs very rarely in the tenth syllable, and seldom in the fourth ; and it is not allowable in two successive accented syllables.

3. An extra unaccented syllable may occur in any part of the line ; as in lines 231 and 242. In 231 the word *hadst* is superfluous (S. might have written "thou'dst"), and in 242 the second syllable of *envious*.

4. Any unaccented syllable occurring in an even place immediately before or after an even syllable which is properly accented, is reckoned as accented for the purposes of the verse ; as, for instance, in lines 226 and 227. In 226 the third syllable of *honourable*, and in 227 the last syllable of *enemy*, are metrically equivalent to accented syllables.

5. In many instances in Shakespeare words must be *lengthened* in order to fill out the rhythm : —

(a) In a large class of words in which *e* or *i* is followed by another vowel, the *e* or *i* is made a separate syllable; as *ocean*, *opinion*, *soldier*, *patience*, *partial*, *marriage*, etc. For instance, the line (i. 3. 77), "Her very silence and her patience," appears to have only nine syllables, but *patience* (see note on the word) is a trisyllable. In i. 3. 66 and 127, *Celia* is a trisyllable; *condition* is a quadrisyllable in i. 2. 265; *action* is a trisyllable in iv. 3. 9, etc. This lengthening occurs most frequently at the end of the line. In ii. 7. 41 of this play ("With observation, the which he vents") we find one of the rare exceptions to this statement, *observation* having five syllables.

(b) Many monosyllables ending in *r*, *re*, *rs*, *res*, preceded by a long vowel or diphthong, are often made disyllables; as *fare*, *fear*, *dear*, *fire*, *hair*, *hour*, *your*, etc. In *M. of V.* iii. 2. 304: "Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault," *hair* is a dissyllable. If the word is repeated in a verse, it is often both monosyllable and dissyllable; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 20: "And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so," where either *yours* (preferably the first) is a dissyllable, the other being a monosyllable. In *J. C.* iii. 1. 172: "As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity," the first *fire* is a dissyllable.

(c) Words containing *l* or *r*, preceded by another consonant, are often pronounced as if a vowel came between the consonants; as in this play, ii. 2. 13: "The parts and graces of the wrestler" [wrest(e)ler]; also in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 158: "While she did call me rascal fiddler" [fidd(e)ler]; *All's Well*, iii. 5. 43: "If you will tarry, holy pilgrim" [pilg(e)rim]; *C. of E.* v. 1. 360: "These are the parents of these children" (childeren, the original form of the word); *W. T.* iv. 4. 76: "Grace and remembrance [rememb(e)-rance] be to you both!" etc.

(d) Monosyllabic exclamations (*ay*, *O*, *yea*, *nay*, *hail*, etc.) and monosyllables otherwise emphasized are similarly lengthened; also certain longer words; as *commandement* in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 451; *safety* (trisyllable) in *Ham.* i. 3. 21; *business* (trisyllable, as originally pronounced) in *J. C.* iv. 1. 22: "To groan and sweat under

the business" (so in several other passages); and other words mentioned in the notes to the plays in which they occur.

6. Words are also *contracted* for metrical reasons, like plurals and possessives ending in a sibilant, as *balance*, *horse* (for *horses* and *horse's*), *princess*, *sense*, *marriage* (plural and possessive), *image*, etc. So *sentence* (see note on iii. 2. 133), many contracted superlatives (*frail'st* in iii. 5. 12, *stern'st*, *secret'st*, *near'st*, *kind'st*, etc.), and other words mentioned in the notes on this and other plays.

7. The *accent* of words is also varied in many instances for metrical reasons. Thus we find both *révenue* and *revénue* in the first scene of the *M. N. D.* (lines 6 and 158), *obscur*e and *obscûre*, *pûrsue* and *pursûe*, *distinct* and *distînt*, *éxile* and *exile* (see on ii. 1. 1), *cônfine* and *confîne* (see on ii. 1. 24), etc.

These instances of variable accent must not be confounded with those in which words were uniformly accented differently in the time of Shakespeare; like *aspéct* (see on iv. 3. 53), *impórtune*, *perséver* (never *persevére*), *perséverance*, *rheûmatic*, etc.

8. *Alexandrines*, or verses of twelve syllables, with six accents, occur here and there in all the plays. They must not be confounded with female lines with two extra syllables (see on I above) or with other lines in which two extra unaccented syllables may occur.

9. *Incomplete* verses, of one or more syllables, are scattered through the plays. See i. 2. 290, ii. 3. 15, ii. 7. 11, iii. 5. 138, etc.

10. *Doggerel* measure is used in the very earliest comedies (*L. L. L.* and *C. of E.* in particular) in the mouths of comic characters, but nowhere else in those plays, and never anywhere after 1598 or 1599. There is none in the present play.

11. *Rhyme* occurs frequently in the early plays, but diminishes with comparative regularity from that period until the latest. Thus, in *L. L. L.* there are about 1100 rhyming verses (about one-third of the whole number), in the *M. N. D.* about 900, in *Rich. II.* and *R. and J.* about 500 each, while in *Cor.* and *A. and C.* there are only about 40 each, in the *Temp.* only two, and in the *W. T.* none at all, except in the chorus introducing act iv. Songs, interludes,

and other matter not in ten-syllable measure are not included in this enumeration. In the present play, out of some 1000 ten-syllable verses, about a hundred are in rhyme. Nearly two-thirds of the play is in prose.

Alternate rhymes are found only in the plays written before 1599 or 1600. In this play they occur only in iii. 2. 1-8. In *M. of V.* we find four lines, and twenty in *Much Ado*, but none at all in subsequent plays.

Rhymed couplets, or "rhyme-tags," are often found at the end of scenes; as in 8 out of the 22 scenes in the present play. In *Ham.*, 14 out of 20 scenes, and in *Macb.*, 21 out of 28, have such "tags"; but in the latest plays they are not so frequent. The *Temp.*, for instance, has but one, and the *W. T.* none.

12. In this edition of Shakespeare, the final *-ed* of past tenses and participles is printed *-'d* when the word is to be pronounced in the ordinary way; as in *pleas'd*, line 228, and *lov'd*, line 236, of the second scene. But when the metre requires that the *-ed* be made a separate syllable, the *e* is retained; as in *marked*, ii. 1. 41, where the word is a dissyllable. The only variation from this rule is in verbs like *cry*, *die*, etc., the *-ed* of which is very rarely, if ever, made a separate syllable.

SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF VERSE AND PROSE IN THE PLAYS.—This is a subject to which the critics have given very little attention, but it is an interesting study. In the present play we find scenes entirely in verse or in prose, and others in which the two are mixed. In general, we may say that verse is used for what is distinctly poetical, and prose for what is not poetical. The distinction, however, is not so clearly marked in the earlier as in the later plays. The second scene of the *M. of V.*, for instance, is in prose, because Portia and Nerissa are talking about the suitors in a familiar and playful way; but in the *T. G. of V.*, where Julia and Lucetta are discussing the suitors of the former in much the same fashion, the scene is in verse. Dowden, commenting on *Rich. II.*, remarks: "Had Shakespeare written the play a few years later, we

may be certain that the gardener and his servants (iii. 4) would not have uttered stately speeches in verse, but would have spoken homely prose, and that humor would have mingled with the pathos of the scene. The same remark may be made with reference to the subsequent scene (v. 5) in which his groom visits the dethroned king in the Tower." Comic characters and those in low life generally speak in prose in the later plays, as Dowden intimates, but in the very earliest ones doggerel verse is much used instead. See on 10 above.

The change from prose to verse is well illustrated in the third scene of the *M. of V.* It begins with plain prosaic talk about a business matter; but when Antonio enters, it rises at once to the higher level of poetry. The sight of Antonio reminds Shylock of his hatred of the Merchant, and the passion expresses itself in verse, the vernacular tongue of poetry. We have a similar change in the first scene of *J. C.*, where, after the quibbling "chaff" of the mechanics about their trades, the mention of Pompey reminds the Tribune of their plebeian fickleness, and his scorn and indignation flame out in most eloquent verse.

The reasons for the choice of prose or verse are not always so clear as in these instances. We are seldom puzzled to explain the prose, but not unfrequently we meet with verse where we might expect prose. As Professor Corson remarks (*Introduction to Shakespeare*, 1889), "Shakespeare adopted verse as the general tenor of his language, and therefore expressed much in verse that is within the capabilities of prose; in other words, his verse constantly encroaches upon the domain of prose, but his prose can never be said to encroach upon the domain of verse." If in rare instances we think we find exceptions to this latter statement, and prose actually seems to usurp the place of verse, I believe that careful study of the passage will prove the supposed exception to be apparent rather than real.

SOME BOOKS FOR TEACHERS AND STUDENTS.—A few out of the many books that might be commended to the teacher and the

critical student are the following: Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (7th ed. 1887); Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* (1898; for ordinary students the abridged ed. of 1899 is preferable); Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* (3d ed. 1902); Littledale's ed. of Dyce's *Glossary* (1902); Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare* (1895); Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (1873); Furness's "New Variorum" edition of *As You Like It* (1890, encyclopædic and exhaustive); Dowden's *Shakspeare: His Mind and Art* (American ed. 1881); Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare* (revised ed. 1882); Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women* (several eds., some with the title, *Shakespeare Heroines*); Ten Brink's *Five Lectures on Shakespeare* (1895); Boas's *Shakespeare and His Predecessors* (1895); Dyer's *Folk-lore of Shakespeare* (American ed. 1884); Gervinus's *Shakespeare Commentaries* (Bunnett's translation, 1875); Wordsworth's *Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Bible* (3d ed. 1880); Elson's *Shakespeare in Music* (1901).

Some of the above books will be useful to all readers who are interested in special subjects or in general criticism of Shakespeare. Among those which are better suited to the needs of ordinary readers and students, the following may be mentioned: Phin's *Cyclopædia and Glossary of Shakespeare* (1902, more compact and cheaper than Dyce); Dowden's *Shakspeare Primer* (1877, small but invaluable); Rolfe's *Shakespeare the Boy* (1896, treating of the home and school life, the games and sports, the manners, customs, and folk-lore of the poet's time); Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome* (for young students who may need information on mythological allusions not explained in the notes).

Black's *Judith Shakespeare* (1884, a novel, but a careful study of the scene and the time) is a book that I always commend to young people, and their elders will also enjoy it. The Lambs' *Tales from Shakespeare* is a classic for beginners in the study of the dramatist; and in Rolfe's ed. the plan of the authors is carried out in the Notes by copious illustrative quotations from the plays.

Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's *Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines* (several eds.) will particularly interest girls; and both girls and boys will find Bennett's *Master Skylark* (1897) and Imogen Clark's *Will Shakespeare's Little Lad* (1897) equally entertaining and instructive.

H. Snowden Ward's *Shakespeare's Town and Times* (1896) and John Leyland's *Shakespeare Country* (1900) are copiously illustrated books (yet inexpensive) which may be particularly commended for school libraries.

ABBREVIATIONS IN THE NOTES. — The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

Other abbreviations that hardly need explanation are *Cf.* (*confer*, compare), *Fol.* (following), *Id.* (*idem*, the same), and *Prol.* (prologue). The numbers of the lines in the references (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" edition (the cheapest and best edition of *Shakespeare* in one compact volume), which is now generally accepted as the standard for line-numbers in works of reference (Schmidt's *Lexicon*, Abbott's *Grammar*, etc.).

THE STORY OF THE PLAY AS GIVEN BY LODGE. — The following extracts from Lodge's novel¹ include the parts chiefly used by Shakespeare: —

[“Sir John of Burdeaux,” on his death-bed, calls his three sons, Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader, and divides his estate among them. To Saladyne he gives “fourteene ploughlands,” with his “mannor houses and richest plate”; to Fernandine, “twelve ploughlands”; and to Rosader, his horse, armor, and lance, “with sixteene ploughlands.”]

¹ I take these from Halliwell-Phillipps, who reprints the novel in full in his folio ed. I insert the paragraphs in brackets to supply the gaps in the narrative.

ACT I. *Scene I.* — Saladyne, “after a months mourning was past, fel to consideration of his fathers testament; how hee had bequeathed more to his yoonger brothers than himselfe, that Rosader was his fathers darling, but now under his tuition, that as yet they were not come to yeares, and he being their gardian, might, if not defraud them of their due, yet make such havocke of theyr legacies and lands, as they should be a great deal the lighter: whereupon he began thus to meditate with himselfe. . . .

“Thy brother is yoong, keepe him now in awe; make him not checke mate with thy selfe, for,—‘*Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit.*’ Let him know litle, so shall he not be able to execute much: suppress his wittes with a base estate, and though hee be a gentleman by nature, yet forme him anew, and make him a peasant by nourture. So shalt thou keepe him as a slave, and raigne thy selfe sole lord over all thy fathers possessions. As for Fernandyne, thy middle brother, he is a scholler and hath no minde but on Aristotle: let him reade on Galen while thou riflest with golde, and pore on his booke whilest thou doest purchase landes: witte is great wealth; if he have learning it is enough, and so let all rest.

“In this humour was Saladyne, making his brother Rosader his foote boy for the space of two or three yeares, keeping him in such servile subjection, as if he had been the sonne of any country vassal. The young gentleman bare all with patience, til on a day, walking in the garden by himselfe, he began to consider how he was the sonne of John of Bourdeaux, a knight renowned for many victories, and a gentleman famozed for his vertues; how, contrarie to the testament of his father, hee was not only kept from his land and intreated as a servant, but smothered in such secret slaverie, as hee might not attaine to any honourable actions. Alas, quoth hee to himselfe, nature woorking these effectuall passions, why should I, that am a gentleman borne, passe my time in such unnatural drudgery? were it not better either in Paris to become a scholler, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a souldier, then

to live a foote boy to my own brother ? nature hath lent me wit to conceive, but my brother denies mee art to contemplate: I have strength to performe any honorable exployt, but no libertie to accomplish my vertuous indevours: those good partes that God hath bestowed upon mee, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscuritie; the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardnes. With that, casting up his hand he felt haire on his face, and perceiving his beard to bud, for choler hee began to blush, and swore to himselfe he would be no more subject to such slaverie. As he was thus ruminating of his melancholie passions in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne study, and to forget his wonted reverence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirha, quoth he, what is your heart on your halfe-peny, or are you saying a dirge for your fathers soule ? what, is my dinner readie ? At this question Rosader, turning his head ascance, and bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of firé, hee made this replie. Doest thou aske mee, Saladyne, for thy cates ? aske some of thy churles who are fit for suche an office: I am thine equal by nature, though not by birth, and though thou hast more cardes in thy bunch, I have as many trumpes in my handes as thy selfe. Let me question with thee, why thou hast feld my woods, spoyled my manner houses, and made havocke of suche utensalles as my father bequeathed unto mee ? I tell thee, Saladyne, either answere mee as a brother, or I wil trouble thee as anemie. At this replie of Rosaders Saladyne smiled, as laughing at his presumption, and frowned as checking his folly: he therfore tooke him up thus shortly: What, sirha, wel I see early pricks the tree that wil proove a thorne: hath my familiar conversing with you made you coy, or my good lookes drawne you to be thus contemptuous ? I can quickly remedie such a fault, and I wil bend the tree while it is a wand. In faith, sir boy, I have a snaffle for such a headstrong colt. You, sirs, lay holde on him and binde him, and then I wil give him a cooling carde for his choller. This made Rosader halfe mad,

that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, hee laide such loade uppon his brothers men that hee hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladyne seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safetie, and tooke him to a loaft adjoyning to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotly. Saladine, afraide of his brothers furie, cried out to him thus: Rosader, be not so rash: I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I have done thee wrong ile make thee amendes. . . .

“These wordes appeased the choller of Rosader, for he was of a milde and curteous nature, so that hee layde downe his weapons, and upon the faith of a gentleman assured his brother hee would offer him no prejudice: whereupon Saladyne came down, and after a little parley, they imbraced eache other and became friends. . . . Thus continued the pad hidden in the strawe, til it chaunced that Torismond, king of France, had appointed for his pleasure a day of wrastling and of tournament to busie his commons heades, least, being idle, their thoughts should runne uppon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished king. A champion there was to stand against all commers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength; so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely overthrowing them which hee incountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. Saladyne hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fal to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead, first by secret meanes convented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his clawes hee would never more returne to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as, *quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum*, taking great gifts for litle gods, tooke the crownes of Saladyne to performe the strata-gem. Having thus the champion tied to his vilanous determination by oath, hee prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus: — He went to yong Rosader, who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and

gazed no lower then vertue commanded him, and began to tel him of this tournament and wrastling, how the king should be there and all the chiefe peeres of France, with all the beautiful damosels of the countrey. Now, brother, quoth hee, for the honor of Sir John of Bourdeaux, our renowmed father, to famous that house that never hath bin found without men approoved in chivalrie shewe thy resolution to be peremptorie. For myselfe thou knowest though I am eldest by birth, yet never having attempted any deedes of armes, I am yongest to performe any martial exploytes, knowing better how to survey my lands then to charge my launce: my brother Fernandyne hee is at Paris poring on a fewe papers, having more insight into sophistrie and principles of philosophie, then anie warlyke indeveurs; but thou, Rosader, the youngest in yeares but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and darest doo what honour allowes thee. Take thou thy fathers launce, his sword, and his horse, and hye thee to the tournament, and either there valiantly cracke a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of activitie. The words of Saladyne were but spurres to a free horse, for hee had scarce uttered them ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly that hee promised in what hee might to requite his curtesie. . . .

Scene II.—“But leaving him so desirous of the journey, turn we to Torismond, the king of France, who having by force banished Gerismond, their lawful king, that lived as an outlaw in the forest of Arden, sought now by all meanes to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne turnament, wherunto hee in most solemne maner resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers of France, who, rather for fear then love, graced him with the shew of their dutiful favours. To feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistring objects, he had appoynted his owne daughter Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynd, daughter unto Gerismond, with al the beautifull damoselles that were famous for their features in all France. . . .

“At last when the tournament ceased, the wrastling beganne, and the Norman presented himselfe as a challenger against all commers, but hee looked lyke Hercules when he advaunst himselfe agaynst Acheloüs, so that the furie of his countenance amazed all that durst attempte to incounter with him in any deed of activitie: til at last a lustie Francklin of the country came with two tall men, that were his sonnes, of good lyniaments and comely personage: the eldest of these, dooing his obeysance to the king, entered the lyst, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage; which the younger brother seeing, lepte presently into the place, and thirstie after the revenge, assayed the Norman with such valour, that at the first incounter hee brought him to his knees: which repulst so the Norman, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so stearnely to the yoong Francklin, that taking him up in his armes hee threw him against the grounde so violently, that hee broake his necke, and so ended his dayes with his brother. . . .

“With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the king, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companie then the combatant, he cast his eye upon the troupe of ladies that glistered there lyke the starres of heaven; but at last Love willing to make him as amourous as he was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynd, whose admirable beauty so inveagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, hee stood and fedde his lookes on the favour of Rosalyndes face; which shee perceiving, blusht, which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashful redde of Aurora at the sight of unacquainted Phaeton was not halfe so glorious. The Normane, seeing this young gentleman fettered in the lookes of the ladies, drave him out of his memento with a shake by the shoulder. Rosader looking backe with an angrie frowne, as if hee had been wakened from some pleasaunt dreame, discovered

to all by the fureye of his countenance that hee was a man of some high thoughts : but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetness of his visage, with a general applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a yoong man should venture in so base an action : but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to bee graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his memento by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an incounter, that they both fel to the ground, and with the violence of the fal were forced to breathe : in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whome Saladyne had appoynted him to kil; which conjecture, made him stretch every limbe, and try every sinew, that working his death hee might recover the golde which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but stil cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to incourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might have made the most coward desperate : which glance of Rosalynd so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman, hee ranne upon him and braved him with a strong encounter. The Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to minde the beautie of his new mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fal to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himselfe, and threw the Norman against the ground, falling uppon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yielded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie."

Scene III. — Torismond "thought to banish her [Rosalynd] from the court : for, quoth he to himselfe, her face is so ful of favour, that it pleades pittie in the eye of every man : her beauty is so heavenly and devine, that she wil prove to me as Helen did to Priam : some one of the peeres wil ayme at her love, and the marriage, and then in his wives right attempt the kingdome. To prevent therefore had-I-wist in all these actions, shee tarryes not

about the court, but shall, as an exile, eyther wander to her father, or else seeke other fortunes. In this humour, with a sterne countenance ful of wrath, he breathed out this censure unto her before the peers, that charged her that that night shee were not seene about the court : for, quoth he, I have heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange unto Rosalynd, and presently covred with the shield of her innocence, she boldly brake out in reverent tearms to have cleared herself ; but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his lords plead for Rosalynd, although her beauty had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath pourtrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynd amazed, Alinda, who loved her more than herself, with grief in her hart and teares in her eyes, falling down on her knees, began to intreat her father thus.”

[Then follows “Alindas Oration to her Father in Defence of faire Rosalynde,” the result of which is that Alinda is included in the sentence against Rosalynd.]

“At this Rosalynd began to comfort her, and after shee had wept a fewe kind teeres in the bosome of her Alinda, . . . they sat them downe to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company, saying it would bee their greatest prejudice in that two women went, wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush, quoth Rosalynd, art thou a woman, and hast not a sodeine shift to prevent a misfortune ? I, thou seest, am of a tall stature, and would very wel become the person and apparel of a page : thou shal bee mye mistresse, and I wil play the man so properly, that, trust me, in what company so ever I come I wil not be discovered. I wil buy me a suite, and have my rapier very handsomly at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page will shew him the poynt of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up al their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalynd in all hast provided her of robes, and Alinda, from her royall weedes, put herselfe in more homelie attire. Thus

fitted to the purpose, away goe these two friends, having now changed their names, Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd, Ganimede, they traueiled along the vineyardes, and by many by-waies, at last got to the forrest side, where they traueiled by the space of two or three dayes without seeing anye creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and payned with many passionate sorrowes." . . .

[They found verses written on the trees, but they were the "passion" of Montanus, the Siluius of Shakespeare; and then they continued their journey until "comming into a faire valley, compassed with mountaines, whereon grew many pleasaunt shrubbes, they might descrie where two flockes of sheepe did feed."]

ACT II. *Scene IV.*— "Then, looking about, they might perceiue where an old shepheard [Montanus] sate, and with him a yoong swaine [Coridon], under a covert most pleasantly scituated. . . .

"The shepheards having thus ended their Eglogue,¹ Aliena stept with Ganimede from behind the thicket; at whose sodayne sight the shepheards arose, and Aliena saluted them thus: Shepheards, all haile, for such wee deeme you by your flockes, and lovers, good lucke, for such you seeme by your passions, our eyes being-witnesse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by love, yet by fortune, I am a distressed gentlewoman, as sorrowfull as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you of perplexed thoughts. Wandring this way in a forrest unknown, onely I and my page, wearied with travel, would faine have some place of rest. May you appoint us any place of quiet harbour, be it never so meane, I shall bee thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whosoever shall be mine host. Coridon, hearing the gentlewoman speake so courteously, returned her mildly and reverently this answerc.— Faire mistresse, wee returne you as hearty a welcome as you gave us a courteous salute. A shepheard I am, and this a lover, as watchful

¹ The "Eglogue" is a dialogue of thirty-four stanzas of four lines each.

to please his wench as to feed his sheep: ful of fancies, and therefore, say I, full of follyes. Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot; for love admits neither of counsaile nor reason. But leaving him to his passions, if you be distrest, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost with calamitie: pray for you I may, but releeve you I cannot. Marry, if you want lodging, if you vouch to shrowd your selves in a shepheards cottage, my house for this night shall be your harbour. Aliena thankt Coridon greatly, and presently sate her downe and Ganimede by hir, Coridon looking earnestly upon her, and with a curious survey viewing all her perfections applauded, in his thought, her excellence, and pitying her distresse was desirous to heare the cause of her misfortunes, began to question with her thus. — If I should not, faire Damosell, occasionate offence, or renew your griefs by rubbing the scar, I would faine crave so much favour as to know the cause of your misfortunes, and why, and whither you wander with your page in so dangerous forest? Aliena, that was as courteous as she was fayre, made this replie. Shepheard, a friendly demaund ought never to be offensive, and questions of curtesie carry priviledged pardons in their forheads. Know, therefore, to discover my fortunes were to renew my sorrowes, and I should, by discoursing my mishaps, but rake fire out of the cynders. Therefore let this suffice, gentle shepheard: my distress is as great as my travaile is dangerous, and I wander in this forrest to light on some cottage where I and my page may dwell: for I meane to buy some farme, and a flocke of sheepe, and so become a shepheardesse, meaning to live low, and content mee with a countrey life; for I have heard the swaines saye, that they drunke without suspition, and slept without care. Marry, mistress, quoth Coridon, if you meane so you came in good time, for my landlord intends to sell both the farme I tyll, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may have them for ready money: and for a shepheards life, oh mistres, did you but live a while in their content, you would say the court were rather a place of sorrow then of solace. Here, mistresse, shal not fortune thwart you, but in mean misfortunes, as the

losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breedes no beggery, so it can bee no extreame prejudice, the next yeare may mend all with a fresh increase. Envy stirres not us, we covet not to climbe, our desires mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as wee exceed not in dyet, so we have inough to satisfie: and, mistresse, I have so much Latin, *satis est quod sufficit*. By my troth, shepheard, quoth Aliena, thou makest mee in love with thy countrey life, and therfore send for thy landslord, and I will buy thy farme and thy flocks, and thou shalt still under me bee overseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake I and my page will serve you, lead the flocks to the field and folde them. Thus will I live quiet, unknowne, and contented. This newes so gladded the hart of Coridon, that he should not be put out of his farme, that putting off his shepherds bonnet, he did hir all the reverence that he might. But all this while sate Montanus in a muse, thinking of the crueltie of his Phœbe, whom he wooed long, but was in no hope to win. Ganimede, who stil had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughtes, tooke delight to see the poore shepheard passionate, laughing at love, that in all his actions was so imperious. At last, when she had noted his teares that stole down his cheeks, and his sighes that broke from the center of his heart, pittying his lament, she demanded of Coridon why the yong shepheard looked so sorrowful? Oh sir, quoth he, the boy is in love. . . .

“With this they were at Coridon’s cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Aliena and Ganimede, glad of so contented a shelter, made merry with the poore swaine; and though they had but countrey fare and course lodging, yet their welcome was so greate, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had beene in the court of Torismond. The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearyed with the toyle of unaccustomed travaile; but assoone as they got up, Aliena resolved there to set up her rest, and by the

helpe of Coridon swapt a bargaine with his landslord, and so became mistres of the farme and the flocke, her selfe putting on the attyre of a shepherdesse, and Ganimede of a yong swaine: everye day leading foorth her flockes, with such delight, that she held her exile happy, and thoght no content to the blisse of a countrey cottage." . . .

[Meanwhile Rosader, driven from home by the harshness of his brother, takes with him his father's old servant, Adam Spencer, and makes for the forest of Arden.]

Scene VI. — "But Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret waies that led through the vineyards, stole away privily through the province of Bordeaux, and escaped safe to the forrest of Arden. Being come thether, they were glad they had so good a harbour: but fortune, who is like the camelion, variable with every object, and constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them myrrours of her mutabilitie, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the bywaies to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thicke of the forrest, where they wandred five or sixe dayes without meate, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieve them; and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer, being olde, began to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader laye as feeble and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shedde teares. . . .

"As he was readie to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him chaunge colour, hee rose up and went to him, and holding his temples, said, What cheere, maister? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewd in the resolution of his death. At these wordes Rosader lifted up his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weep. Ah, Adam, quoth he, I sorrow not to dye, but I grieve at the maner of my death. Might I with my launce encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honour, and content: might I, Adam, combate with some wilde beast, and perish as his praie, I were satis-

fied ; but to die with hunger, O, Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames ! Maister, quoth he, you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without meate ; seeing therefore we can finde no foode, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am old, and overworne with age, you are yoong, and are the hope of many honours : let me then dye, I will presently cut my veynes, and, maister, with the warme blood relieve your fainting spirites : sucke on that til I ende, and you be comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife, when Rosader, full of courage, though verie faint, rose up, and wisht Adam Spencer to sit there til his returne ; for my mind gives me, quoth he, that I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man, he rose up, and raunged up and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wilde beaste with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or else pledge his life in pawn for his loyaltie.

Scene VII. — “It chaunced that day, that Gerismond, the lawfull king of France banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crue of outlawes lived in that forest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lymon trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of brave men, having store of that for want of which hee and Adam perished, hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the company thus : — Whatsoever thou be that art maister of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may : know that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forrest for want of food : perish wee must, unlesse relieved by thy favours. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meate to men, and to such men as are everie way woorthie of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and incounter with mee in any honorable point of activitie whatsoever, and if hee and thou proove me not a man, send me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword ; for rather wil I dye valiantly, then perish with so

cowardly an extreame. Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moved with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eat his fill, but be lorde of the feast. Grammercy, sir, quoth Rosader, but I have a feeble friend that lyes hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger than my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumme, before I made him partner of my fortunes : therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I will gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tels him the newes, who was glad of so happy fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go ; whereupon Rosader got him up on his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship ; and Rosader, having Gerismond's place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer. . . .

ACT III. *Scene I.* — “The flight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladyne was sole heire of the landes of Sir John of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse suche fair erevenewes, found just occasion to quarrell with Saladyne about the wrongs he proffered to his brother ; and therefore, dispatching a herehault, he sent for Saladyne in all poast haste : who, marveiling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein hee had offended his highnesse ; but imboldened with his innocence, he boldly went with the herehault unto the court ; where, assoone as hee came, hee was not admitted into the presence of the king, but presently sent to prison. . . .

“In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the king, who, with a looke that threatened death entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was ? Saladyne made answer, that upon some ryot made against the sheriffe of the shire, he was fled from Bordeaux, but he knew not whither. Nay, villaine, quoth he, I

have heard of the wronges thou hast proffered thy brother, since the death of thy father and by thy means have I lost a most brave and resolute chevalier. Therefore, in justice to punish thee, I spare thy life for thy father's sake, but banish thee for ever from the court and countrey of France ; and see thy departure be within tenne dayes, els trust me thou shalt loose thy head. And with that the king flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladyne greatly perplexed ; who grieving at his exile, yet determined to bear it with patience, and in penance of his former follies to travaile abroad in every coast till he had found out his brother Rosader." . . .

[Meanwhile, "Rosader, beeing thus preferred to the place of a forrester by Gerismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers unkindnes by continuall exercise, traversing the groves and wilde forrests. . . . Yet whatsoever he did, or howsoever he walked, the lively image of Rosalynde remained in memorie." At length he meets Ganymede and Aliena.]

Scene II. — "Ganymede, pittying her Rosader, thinking to drive him out of this amorous melancholy, said, that now the sunne was in his meridianall heat, and that it was high noone, therefore wee shepheards say, tis time to go to dinner; for the sunne and our stomackes are shepheards dials. Therefore, forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answere whatsoever thou wantest in delicates. Aliena tooke the entertainment by the ende, and tolde Rosader hee should bee her guest. He thankt them heartily, and sat with them downe to dinner, where they had such cates as countrey state did allow them, sawst with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweet than all their courtly junkets. Assone as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thanks for his good cheare, would have been gone; but Ganymede, that was loath to let him passe out of her presence, began thus : Nay, forrester, quoth she, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst wooe: I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee as thou art, Rosader. See in some amorous eglogue, how

if Rosalynd were present, how thou couldst court her; and while we sing of love, Aliena shall tune her pipe and plaie us melodie.¹ . . .

“And thereupon, quoth Aliena, Ile play the priest: from this daye forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt cal Ganimede wife, and so wee le have a marriage. Content, quoth Rosader, and laught. Content, quoth Ganimede, and chaunged as red as a rose: and so with a smile and a blush, they made up this jesting match, that after proved to be a marriage in earnest, Rosader full little thinking hee had wooed and wonne his Rosalynde. . . .

ACT IV. *Scene III.* — “All this while did poore Saladyne, banished from Bourdeaux and the court of France, by Torismond, wander up and downe in the forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lyons, and so travail through Germany into Italie: but the forrest beeing full of by-pathes, and he unskilfull of the country coast, slipt out of the way, and chaunced up into the desart, not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forrest did affoord, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell into a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkasses; and yet desirous to have some foode, the lyon lay downe, and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader, having stricken a deere that but slightly hurt fled through the thicket, came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste. He espyed where

¹ “The wooing Eglogue betwixt Rosalynde and Rosader,” which follows, is too long for quotation, and besides, Shakespeare appears to have made no use of it.

a man lay a sleepe, and a lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stooode gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereuppon drawing more nigh, he might easily discerne his visage, perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so unexpected a chance, marvelling what should drive his brother to traverse those secrete desarts, without any companie, in such distressed and forlorne sorte. But the present time craved no such doubting ambages, for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away, and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. . . .

“With that his brother began to stirre, and the lyon to rowse himselfe, whereupon Rosader sodainly charged him with the boare speare, and wounded the lyon very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to have a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gave him such a sore pinch on the brest, that he had almost faln; yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparks of Sir John of Bourdeaux remained, he recovered himselfe, and in short combat slew the lion, who at his death roared so lowd that Saladyne awaked, and starting up, was amazed at the sudden sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweet a gentleman wounded.

“Saladyne casting up his eye, and noting well the phisnomy of the forrester, knew that it was his brother Rosader, which made him so bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him, which he did in such sort, that hee shewed how highly he held révenge in scorne. Much ado there was betweene these two brethren, Saladyne in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving and forgetting all former injuries; the one humble and submisse, the other milde and curteous; Saladyne penitent and passionate, Rosader kynd and loving, that at length nature working an union of their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of unkindnesse, to talke of the country life, which Rosader

so highly commended, that his brother began to have a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humor Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds lodge, and presented his brother to the king, discoursing the whole matter how all had hapned betwixt them. . . . Assoone as they had taken their repast, and had wel dined, Rosader tooke his brother Saladyne by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the forrest, and what content they enjoyed in that mean estate. Thus for two or three dayes he walked up and downe with his brother to shew him all the commodities that belonged to his walke; during which time hee was greatly mist of his Ganymede, who mused much with Aliena what should become of their forrester.

Act III, Scene V. — "With this Ganymede made her ready, and went into the fields with Aliena, where unfolding their flockes, they sate them downe under an olive tree, both of them amorous, and yet diversely affected, Aliena joying in the excellence of Saladyne,¹ and Ganymede sorowing for the wounds of her Rosader; not quiet in thought till shee might heare of his health. As thus both of them sate in their dumpes, they might espie where Coridon came running towards them, almost out of breath with his hast. What newes with you, quoth Aliena, that you come in such post? Oh, mistres, quoth Coridon, you have a long time desired to see Phœbe, the faire shepheardesse whom Montanus loves; so now if you please, you and Ganymede, to walk with mee to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a fountaine, he courting her with her countrey ditties, and she as coy as if she held love in disdaine. The newes were so welcome to the two lovers, that up they

¹ "An incident in the novel, which accounts for the sudden falling in love of Saladyne and Aliena, is altogether omitted by Shakespeare. A band of robbers attempt to carry off Aliena, Rosader encounters them single-handed, but is wounded and almost overpowered, when his brother comes to the rescue. While Ganymede is dressing Rosader's wounds, Aliena and Saladyne indulge in some 'quirkes and quiddities of love,' the course of which is told with considerable detail. Aliena's secret is soon extorted from her by Ganymede" (Wright).

rose, and went with Coridon. Assoone as they drew nigh the thicket, they might espie where Phœbe sate, the fairest shepherdesse in all Arden, and he the frolickest swaine in the whole forrest, she in a petticote of scarlet, covered with a green mantle, and to shrowd her from the sunne, a chaplet of roses, from under which appeared a face full of natures excellence, and two such eyes as might have amated a greater man than Montanus. At gaze uppon this gorgeous nymph sate the shepheard, feeding his eyes with her favours, wooing with such piteous lookes, and courting with such deepe strained sighs, as would have made Diana her selfe to have been compassionate. . . . Ah, Phœbe, quoth he, whereof art thou made, that thou regardest not my maladie? . . . At these wordes she fild her face full of frowns, and made him this short and sharpe reply.— Importunate shepheard, whose loves are lawlesse, because restlesse, are thy passions so extreame that thou canst not conceale them with patience? . . . Wert thou, Montanus, as faire as Paris, as hardy as Hector, as constant as Troylus, as loving as Leander, Phœbe could not love, because she cannot love at all: and therefore if thou pursue me with Phœbus I must flie with Daphne. Ganimede, overhearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brooke the crueltie of Phœbe, but starting from behind the bush said: And if, damzell, you fled from mee, I would transforme you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches under my feet. Phœbe at this sodaine replye was amazed, especially when shee saw so faire a swaine as Ganimede; blushing therefore, she would have bene gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus: What, shepheardesse, so faire and so cruell? Disdaine beseemes not cottages, nor coynesse maids; for either they be condemned to be too proud, or too froward . . . Love while thou art yoong, least thou be disdained when thou art olde. Beautie nor time cannot be recalde, and if thou love, like of Montanus; for if his desires are many, so his deserts are great. Phœbe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeply enamored on his perfection as Montanus inveigled with hers. . . .

ACT V. *Scene II.*—“I am glad, quoth Ganimede,¹ you looke into your own faults, and see where your shoo wrings you, measuring now the pains of Montanus by your owne passions. Truth, q. Phœbe, and so deeply I repent me of my frowardnesse towards the shepheard, that could I cease to love Ganimede, I would resolve to like Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phœbe to mislike of Ganimede, wil she than favour Montanus? When reason, quoth she, doth quench that love that I doe owe to thee, then will I fancie him; conditionally, that if my love can bee suppress with no reason, as being without reason, Ganimede will onely wed himselfe to Phœbe. I graunt it, faire shepheardesse, quoth he; and to feed thee with the sweetnesse of hope, this resolve on: I wil never marry my selfe to woman but unto thy selfe. . . . Ganimede tooke his leave of Phœbe and departed, leaving her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased. . . . As she came on the plaines, shee might espy where Rosader and Saladyne sat with Aliena under the shade. . . . I had not gone abroad so soone, quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which, on Sunday next, must bee solemnized betweene my brother and Aliena. I see well where love leads delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serves where both the parties are willing. Truth, quoth Ganimede; but what a happy day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalynd. Ah, good Ganimede, quoth he, by naming Rosalynd, renue not my sorrowes; for the thought of her perfections is the thrall of my miseries. Tush, bee of good cheare, man, quoth Ganimede: I have a friend that is deeply experienst in negromancy and magicke; what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage. I wil cause him to bring in Rosalynde, if either France or any bordring nation harbour her; and upon that take the faith of a yoong shepheard. . . .

Scene IV.—“In these humors the weeke went away, that at last Sunday came. . . . As they were thus drinking and ready to

¹ This is at an interview with Phœbe after the latter has sent a letter to Ganimede by Montanus.

go to church, came in Montanus, apparalled all in tawny, to signifie that he was forsaken: on his head hee wore a garland of willow, his bottle hanged by his side, whereon was painted dispaire, and on his sheephooke hung two sonnets, as labels of his loves and fortunes. . . . Gerismond, desirous to prosecute the ende of these passions, called in Ganimede, who, knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the christall of his face with a ruddie brightnesse. The king noting well the phisnomy of Ganimede, began by his favour to cal to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader, that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he sighed so sore? Because, Rosader, quoth hee, the favour of Ganimede puts mee in minde of Rosalynde. At this word Rosader sighed so deeply, as though his heart would have burst. And whats the matter, quoth Gerismond, that you quite mee with such a sigh? Pardon me, sir, quoth Rosader, because I love none but Rosalynd. And upon that condition, quoth Gerismond, that Rosalynd were here, I would this day make up a marriage betwixt her and thee. At this Aliena turnd her head and smilde upon Ganimede, and shee could scarce keep countenance. Yet shee salved all with secrecie; and Gerismond, to drive away his dumpes, questioned with Ganimede, what the reason was he regarded not Phœbes love, seeing she was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine? Ganimede mildly answered, If I shuld affect the faire Phœbe, I should offer poore Montanus great wrong to winne that from him in a moment, that hee hath labored for so many monthes. Yet have I promised to the bewtiful shepheardesse to wed my selfe never to woman except unto her; but with this promise, that if I can by reason suppress Phœbes love towards me, she shall like of none but of Montanus. To that, quoth Phœbe, I stand; for my love is so far beyond reason, as wil admit no persuasion of reason. For justice, quoth he, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his censure wil I stand, quoth Phœbe. And in your victory, quoth Montanus, stands the hazard of my fortunes, for if Ganimede go away with conquest, Montanus

is in conceit loves monarch: if Phœbe winne, then am I in effect most miserable. We wil see this controversie, quoth Gerismond, and then we will to church: therefore, Ganimede, let us heare your argument. Nay, pardon my absence a while, quoth shee, and you shall see one in store. In went Ganimede and drest her self in womans attire, having on a gowne of greene, with a kirtle of rich sandall, so quaint, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the forest: upon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gave her such a grace that she looked like Flora pearkt in the pride of all her floures. Thus attired came Rosalind in, and presented hir self at hir fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, craving his blessing, and discoursing unto him all her fortunes, how shee was banished by Torismond, and how ever since she lived in that country disguised. . . .

“While every one was amazed, . . . Coridon came skipping in, and told them that the priest was at church, and tarried for their comming. With that Gerismond led the way, and the rest followed; where to the admiration of all the countrey swains in Arden, their marriages were solemnly solemnized.” . . .

It will be seen, that while the Poet followed the novel closely in the main incidents of his plot, the characterization is exclusively his own. The personages common to the novel and the play are as truly new creations in the latter as Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey, who have no place in the former. Even the deviations in the conduct of the story, as Knight remarks, “furnish a most remarkable example of the wonderful superiority of his art as compared with the art of other men.” We cannot discuss these in detail; the quotations we have given from the novel will enable the reader to examine them for himself.¹

¹ Compare what Campbell says in his introduction to the play: “The plot of this delicious comedy was taken by our Poet from Lodge’s ‘Rosalynde, or Euphues’ Golden Legacye.’ Some of Lodge’s incidents are judiciously omitted, but the greater part are preserved — the wrestling scene, the flight of the two ladies into the forest of Arden, the meet-

I may add that the character of Adam has a peculiar interest from the fact that, according to a tradition current in the eighteenth century, the part was performed by Shakespeare. Steevens gives the following extract from Oldys's manuscript collections for a life of the poet : —

“ One of Shakespeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of *K. Charles II.*, would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother *Will*, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatic entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued it seems so long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors [exciting them] to learn something from him of his brother, &c., they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor¹ among them, this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more espe-

ing there of *Rosalind* with her father and mother, and the whole happy termination of the plot, are found in the prose romance. Even the names of the personages are but slightly changed; for Lodge's *Rosalind*, in her male attire, calls herself *Ganymede*, and her cousin, as a shepherdess, is named *Aliena*. But never was the prolixity and pedantry of a prosaic narrative transmuted by genius into such magical poetry. In the days of James I., George Heriot, the Edinburgh merchant who built a hospital still bearing his name, is said to have made his fortune by purchasing for a trifle a quantity of sand that had been brought as ballast by a ship from Africa. As it was dry, he suspected from its weight that it contained gold, and he succeeded in filtering a treasure from it. Shakespeare, like Heriot, took the dry and heavy sand of Lodge, and made gold out of it.”

¹ Charles Hart, who was perhaps a grandson of Shakespeare's sister Joan.

cially in his dramattick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects), that he could give them but little light into their enquiries ; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother *Will*, in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song."

Capell also has the following : —

"A traditional story was current some years ago about Stratford, — that a very old man of that place, — of weak intellects, but yet related to Shakespeare, — being ask'd by some of his neighbours, what he remember'd about him ; answer'd, — that he saw him once brought on the stage upon another man's back ; which answer was apply'd by the hearers, to his having seen him perform in this scene the part of Adam."

This story came to Capell from Mr. Thomas Jones, of Tarbick, in Worcestershire ; and Malone suggests that he may have heard it from Richard Quiney (who died in 1656, at the age of 69) or from Thomas Quiney, Shakespeare's son-in-law (who lived till about 1663, and who was 27 years old when the poet died), or from one of the Hathaways.

ACT I

SCENE I. — I. *As I remember*, etc. We follow the folio here, as most of the editors do, though some have thought it necessary to mend the grammar by reading "upon this fashion: *he* bequeathed," etc. As here pointed, *bequeathed* is a participle, and *charged* may be considered the same.

2. *Poor a.* This transposition of the article is akin to that still allowed after *how* and *so*. In *A. and C.* v. 2. 236, we have "What poor an instrument."

3. *On his blessing.* *On* is often so used in asseverations. Cf. *T. of A.* iii. 5. 87: "On height of our displeasure."

4. *To breed* = to bring up, educate; as in 10 and 107 below. Cf. our present use in *well-bred*, *good breeding*, etc.

5. *At school.* That is, at the university. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 113: "going back to school in Wittenberg." On *goldenly*, cf. *Macb.* i. 7. 33: "golden opinions." *Profit* = proficiency. Cf. the use of the verb in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 166:—

"Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments," etc.

8. *Stays.* Detains. Cf. i. 3. 66 below: "we stay'd her for your sake."

12. *Manage.* The training of a horse (Fr. *manège*). Cf. *Rich.* II. iii. 3. 179, etc.

17. *Countenance.* Bearing, behaviour. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 69: "By unkind usage, dangerous countenance." *Seems* = seems as if it wished.

18. *Hinds.* Menials, servants; as in *M. W.* iii. 5. 99 and *R. and J.* i. 7. 73. Elsewhere the word = boor, peasant; as in *L. L. L.* i. 2. 123, etc.

19. *Mines.* Undermines, seeks to destroy. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 148: "rank corruption, mining all within," etc.

22. *Mutiny.* Rebel. S. also uses the form *mutine*, both verb and noun; as in *Ham.* iii. 4. 83, v. 2. 6, and *K. John*, ii. 1. 378.

28. *What make you here?* What do you here? as in ii. 3. 4 and iii. 2. 217 below. The phrase is very common, and is quibbled upon in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 190 fol. and in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 164 fol.

32. *Marry.* Originally a mode of swearing by the Virgin; but its derivation had come to be forgotten in the time of S.

35. *Be naught awhile.* A petty oath, equivalent to *a mischief*

on you. Many examples of the phrase might be quoted from writers of the time.

38. *What prodigal portion*, etc. The allusion to the story of the prodigal (*Luke*, xv.) is found several times in *S.* Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 103: "a motion of the Prodigal Son" (that is, a puppet-show, illustrating the story); and 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 157: "the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work" (where the context shows that it was used in tapestries and hangings). See also *T. G. of V.* ii. 3. 4, *M. of V.* ii. 6. 17, etc.

43. *Him*. Often put, by attraction to *whom* understood, for *he whom*. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 1. 15: "Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away," etc.

44. *In the gentle condition of blood*. "On any kindly view of relationship."

50. *Your coming*, etc. That is, you are more closely and directly the representative of his honours, and therefore entitled to the respect due to him. Whiter thinks that Orlando uses *reverence* in an ironical sense, and means to say that "his brother, by coming before him, is nearer to a respectable and venerable elder of a family." This interpretation is perhaps favoured by Oliver's evident anger at his brother's words.

52. *What, boy!* Oliver attempts to strike him, and Orlando in return seizes his brother by the throat.

54. *Young*. Raw, inexperienced. Cf. Lodge (p. 150): "I am yongest to performe any martial exploytes," etc. See also *Macb.* iii. 4. 144: "We are yet but young in deed." *Too young* is used in a contrary sense in *Much Ado*, v. 1. 119.

58. *Villain*. Oliver uses the word in the present sense; Orlando, with a play upon this and the old meaning of serf or base-born fellow. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 7. 78, etc. The word was sometimes used as a familiar form of address, and even as a term of endearment; as in *C. of E.* i. 2. 19, *W. T.* i. 2. 136, etc. In *T. N.* ii. 5. 16 and *T. and C.* iii. 2. 35 it is applied to women in this sense.

71. *Such exercises*, etc. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 32:—

"And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth."

72. *Allotery*. Allotment, portion. S. uses the word only here.

73. *Go buy*. Go to buy; a very common ellipsis with *go* in S. Cf. i. 2. 241 below.

82. *My teeth*. For the use of the same figure in the reply to it, cf. *M. of V.* iii. 3. 6: "Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause; but, since I am a dog, beware my fangs."

83. *Spoke*. S. uses both *spoke* and *spoken* as the participle.

84. *Grow upon me*. Get the better of me, get the upper hand of me. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 107: "growing on the south" (that is, gaining on it, tending that way); *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 55: "sickness growing Upon our soldiers," etc.

85. *Physic your rankness*. Check this rank growth of your insolence.

88. *Wrestler*. "Wrastler" in the folio here and elsewhere; but the other spelling was also used in the time of S. The former indicates the pronunciation, which is still a vulgar one in this country.

90. *So please you*. If it please you; of which our "if you please" is a corruption. Cf. *Sonn.* 136. 11: "so it please thee," etc.

102. *Good leave*. Full permission. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 326 and 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 20.

109. *Died to stay behind*. This "indefinite" use of the infinitive is very common in S.

113. *The forest of Arden*. The Forest of Ardennes was in the northeast of France, "between the Meuse and the Moselle"; but it is not necessary to suppose that the poet had this fact in mind. He took the scene from Lodge's novel, lions and all, and did not trouble himself about its geography. Knight has well said: "We most heartily wish that the critics would allow poetry to have its own geography. We do *not* want to know that Bohemia has no sea-board; we do *not* wish to have the island of Sycorax defined on the map; we do *not* require that our Forest of Arden should be

the *Arduenna Sylva* of Cæsar and Tacitus." There was also a Forest of Arden in Warwickshire. Drayton, in his *Matilda*, 1594, speaks of "sweet Arden's nightingales"; and again, in the *Idea*:—

"Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing,
Amongst the daintie dew-impearled flowers."

114. *A many*. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 121, *K. John*, iv. 2. 199, etc. The expression is still occasionally used in poetry; as by Tennyson in *The Miller's Daughter*: "They have not shed a many tears," etc. *Merry Men* was a common term for the followers of *Robin Hood* and other outlaws.

117. *Fleet*. Not elsewhere used transitively by S. The intransitive verb occurs often; as in *Sonn.* 19. 5, *M. of V.* iii. 2. 108, iv. 1. 135, *K. John*, ii. 1. 285, etc. *The golden world* = the golden age.

119. *What*. Often so used, "superfluously introducing a question." Cf. *J. C.* iv. 1. 10, *Ham.* i. 1. 19, *T. of S.* iv. 3. 59, etc.

126. *Shall*. Must, will have to.

130. *Withal*. With this, with it. Cf. i. 2. 26 and ii. 7. 48 below.

131. *Intendment*. Intention, purpose. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 144: "the main intendment of the Scot."

138. *By underhand means*. By indirect means.

139. *It is*. Used contemptuously; as in *M. of V.* iii. 3. 18: "It is the most impenetrable cur;" and *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 71: "Why, 't is a gull, a fool," etc. In *Macb.* i. 4. 58 ("It is a peerless kinsman") the familiarity is affectionate. See also iii. 5. 112 below.

141. *Emulator*. Used by S. only here. For *emulation* = envy, jealousy, cf. *J. C.* ii. 3. 14, etc. So *emulous* = envious; as in *T. and C.* ii. 3. 79, 242, etc.

142. *Contriver*. Plotter; as in *T. A.* iv. 1. 36, *J. C.* ii. 1. 158, and *Macb.* iii. 5. 7. *Contrive* is used in the same bad sense; as in iv. 3. 134 below. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 171, *J. C.* ii. 3. 16, *Ham.* iv. 7. 136, etc. The adjective *natural* did not formerly imply, as now, illegitimacy.

143. *Had as lief*. Good old English, but condemned by some

modern grammar-mongers because they cannot "parse" it. *Lief* is the Anglo-Saxon *leof*, dear. The comparative *liefer* or *lever* and the superlative *liefest* are common in our early writers. S. does not use *liefer*, but has *liefest* in 2 *Hen.* VI. iii. 1. 164: "my liefest liege." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 2. 33: "my liefest liefe" (my dearest love). *Lief*, at first = dear, beloved, pleasing, came to mean willing. From this the transition is easy to the adverbial use = willingly, as in *had as lief* = would as willingly. The forms *lief* and *lieve* are used interchangeably in the folios. The latter is not unknown in good writers of recent date. Mätzner quotes Sheridan: "I had as lieve be shot."

144. *Thou wert best*. Another old English idiom, now obsolete. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 3. 12: "Ay, and truly, you were best," etc. The pronoun was originally a dative (*to* you it were best), but came to be regarded as a nominative; as in *if you please* = if it please you (see on 90 above).

147. *Practise*. Use stratagems, plot. Cf. 2 *Hen.* VI. ii. 1. 171: "Have practis'd dangerously against your state." Elsewhere it is followed by *on* or *upon*; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 398, *Lear*, iii. 2. 57, *Oth.* ii. 1. 319, etc.

152. *Brotherly*. An adverb, as in the only other instances of the word in S.: 3 *Hen.* VI. iv. 3. 38, and *Cymb.* iv. 2. 158.

153. *Anatomize*. Used literally (= dissect) in *Lear*, iii. 6. 80; figuratively (as here and in ii. 7. 56 below) in *R. of L.* 1450, *A. W.* iv. 3. 37, etc.

160. *Gamester*. A frolicsome fellow; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 402 and *Hen.* VIII. i. 4. 45. It is here used contemptuously, and perhaps with some reference to Orlando's ambition to try his luck in the wrestling. It means a gambler in *L. L. L.* i. 2. 44, *Hen.* V. iii. 6. 119, etc.; and a harlot in *A. W.* v. 3. 188 and *Per.* iv. 6. 81.

162. *Than he*. S. often confounds the inflections of the personal and other pronouns. Cf. lines 17 and 268 of the next scene.

163. *Full of noble device*. Of noble conceptions and aims. S. often makes his villains (like Iago, Edmund, Macbeth, Antonio in

The Tempest, and others) pay an honest tribute to the men against whom they are plotting.

164. *Sorts*. Ranks, classes; as often.

166. *Misprised*. Undervalued, slighted. Cf. i. 2. 181 below, and *A. W.* iii. 2. 33; also the noun *misprision* in *A. W.* ii. 3. 159.

168. *Kindle*. Incite. Cf. *enkindle* in *Mach.* i. 3. 121. *Thither* = thereto. On *go about* = set about, undertake, cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 11, *M. for M.* iii. 2. 215, *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 212, etc. See also *Romans*, x. 3, etc.

SCENE II. — The name of Rosalind, here taken by S. from Lodge, was a favourite one with our early poets. *Rosaline* (in *L. L. L.*) is another form of it.

1. *Sweet my coz*. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 25: "dear my lord," etc. *Coz* was the common abbreviation of *cousin*.

4. *Yet I were merrier*, I were yet merrier. *Yet* and *only* are often thus transposed by Elizabethan writers. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 204: "full sick, and yet not well;" which, as it stands, is nonsensical.

6. *Learn*. Teach; but always with the object expressed. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 2. 12: "learn me how to love;" *Cymb.* i. 5. 12: "learn'd me how to make perfumes," etc.

10. *So*. For *so* = *if*, cf. i. 1. 90 above.

13. *Tempered*. Conditioned. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 265: —

"were your days

As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd," etc.

18. *Nor none*. For the double negative, so common in S., cf. 23 below. The confusion of *I* and *me* is common, like that of the inflections of other pronouns. See in i. 1. 162 above. *Like* = likely, as very often in S. Cf. iv. 1. 65 below.

20. *Perforce*. Here = by force; as in *C. of E.* iv. 3. 95, *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 121, *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 26, etc. Elsewhere it is = of necessity; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 90, *Hen. V.* v. 2. 161, etc. *Render* = give

back. Cf. ii. 5. 28 below; also *M. of V.* iv. 1. 383, *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 127, etc.

26. *Withal*. See on i. 1. 130 above.

28. *A pure blush*. A blush that has no shame in it. *Come off* = get off, escape; as in *M. of V.* i. 1. 128, *Cor.* ii. 2. 116, etc.

31. *The good housewife Fortune*, etc. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 15. 44: "That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel." There, as in *Hen. V.* v. i. 85 ("Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?"), *housewife* or *huswife* (the latter is the usual spelling in the folio) is used contemptuously. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 515. Fortune is represented with a wheel, as Fluelen explains (*Hen. V.* iii. 6. 35), "to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation."

38. *Honest*. Chaste, virtuous; as in iii. 3. 17. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 2. 107, 136, etc.

39. *Ill-favouredly*. Ill-favoured, ugly. Cf. iii. 5. 53: "ill-favour'd children." Adverbs are often used as adjectives. For *favour* = face, cf. *Genesis*, xxix. 17, xxxix. 6, xli. 2, 3, 4, etc.

43. *When Nature*, etc. "True that fortune does not make fair features; but she can mar them by some accident. So nature makes us able to philosophize, chance spoils our grave philosophy by sending us a fool" (Moberly).

48. *Natural*. Fool, idiot. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 37 and *R. and J.* ii. 4. 96.

51. *Who, perceiving*, etc. Or, perhaps, Nature thinks us so dull that she sends us her "natural" to sharpen our wits.

52. *To reason of*. To talk about, discuss.

54. *Whetstone of the wits*. The title of Robert Recorde's Arithmetic is "The Whetstone of Witte."

Wit! whither wander you? "Wit, whither wilt?" (iv. 1. 161) was a proverbial saying; perhaps the beginning of an old ballad.

64. *Naught*. Worthless, bad. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 157: "the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught;" *Hen. V.* i. 2. 73: "corrupt and naught," etc. The word in this

sense is usually spelled *naught* in the early eds., but *nought* when it means nothing.

66. *And yet was not the knight forsworn.* Boswell quotes the old play of *Damon and Pithias*:—

"I haue taken a wise othe on him: have I not, trow ye,
To trust such a false knave upon his honestie?
As he is an honest man (quoth you?) he may bewray all to the kinge,
And breke his oth for this never a whit."

Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 366–387.

81. *Old Frederick.* The reading of the folios, which, however, assign the following speech to Rosalind. As Frederick was Celia's father (v. 4. 154), some editors have changed *Frederick* to "Ferdinand"; others have given, as I do, the next speech to Celia. The latter seems the simpler way out of the difficulty; and such errors in the names of characters are by no means rare in the early eds.

85. *Taxation.* Satire, invective. Cf. *tax* = accuse, inveigh against, in ii. 7. 71, 86 below; also in *Much Ado*, i. 1. 46, *T. and C.* i. 3. 97, *Ham.* i. 4. 18, etc. We still speak of "taxing a person with" anything. *Whipping* was the usual punishment of fools.

87. *Wise men* is printed as one word in the folio, like *wise man* in v. 1. 35 and elsewhere. It was accented on the first syllable, as *madman* is now.

88. *By my troth.* The most common form of the petty oath of which *o' my troth!* *in troth!* *good troth!* and the simple *troth!* are variations. For *troth* in its original sense (= truth), cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 36: "to speak troth," etc.

89. *Was silenced.* There may be here an allusion to some recent restriction upon the players.

93. *Put on us.* Inflict on us, or force upon us. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 2. 133, *T. N.* v. 1. 70, *Ham.* i. 3. 94, etc.

101. *Sport! of what colour?* Probably Celia is ridiculing Le Beau's affected pronunciation of the word, which suggests *spot*.

106. *Laid on with a trowel*. This was no doubt a proverbial hit at clumsy or gross flattery. Cf. *lay it on* = to do anything to excess, to be lavish in expense, to flatter extravagantly, etc. See *W. T.* iv. 3. 41, etc. *To lay it on thick* is still a colloquial expression.

107. *Rank*. There is a similar play upon the word in *Cymb.* ii. 1. 17.

109. *Amaze*. Confuse, put me in a maze. Cf. *V. and A.* 684: "a labyrinth to amaze his foes;" *K. John*, iv. 3. 140: "I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way;" *M. for M.* iv. 2. 224: "Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you," etc.

115. *To do*. A common idiomatic use of the infinitive active. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 2. 18: "What's to do?" etc. It is still in good use in many phrases; as "a house to let," for which some over-fastidious folk think it necessary to substitute "to be let."

118. *Comes*. The singular verb is often found before two singular subjects as well as before a plural subject; and here we have a combination of the two cases.

121. *Proper*. Comely, good-looking; as often. Cf. *Hebrews*, xi. 23.

123. *With bills on their necks*. The *bill* was "a kind of pike or halberd, formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen." It was also used by foresters. Lodge describes Rosader "with his forrest bill on his necke," that is on his shoulder. For the play upon *bill*, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 191 and 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 135. There is also a pun on *presence* and *presents*.

127. *That* = so that; as often.

130. *Dole*. Grief. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 283: "What dreadful dole is here!" *Ham.* i. 2. 13: "delight and dole," etc.

141. *Broken music*. Chappell (*Popular Music*, etc.) says: "Some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted

for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music.'" For the play upon the expression, cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 263 and *T. and C.* iii. 1. 52. The use of *see* here has troubled some of the critics, and changes have been suggested; but, though Rosalind speaks of "broken music," she has in mind the wrestling.

153. *Looks successfully.* Looks as if he would be successful. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. prol. 39: "But freshly looks;" *Temp.* iii. 1. 32: "You look wearily;" *Rich. III.* i. 4. 1: "Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?" etc. See also on 39 above.

156. *Are you crept?* Have you crept? *Be* and *have* are both used with the perfect tense of certain intransitive verbs, mostly of motion.

157. *So please you.* See on i. 1. 90 above.

165. *The princess calls.* The *them* in Orlando's reply suggests that *princess* is plural (as *horse, sense, balance*, and other words ending in a sibilant sometimes are) and that *calls* is a misprint for *call*.

175. *Your eyes*, etc. The meaning, as Johnson notes, is "if you could use *your own eyes to see, or your own judgment to know* yourself, the fear of your adventure would counsel you."

181. *Misprised.* See on i. 1. 166.

182. *Might.* May; an irregular sequence of tenses.

187. *Wherein.* Apparently used, as other relative words sometimes are, before the antecedent clause: Punish me not with your hard thoughts for denying you anything; wherein (in doing which) I confess myself much guilty. The reflexive use of *me* (as of other personal pronouns) is common.

188. *Gracious.* Favoured, acceptable. Cf. *T. A.* i. 1. 11 (cf. 170 and 429): "gracious in the eyes of Rome;" 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 117: "gracious in the people's eye."

191. *Only*, etc. That is, I only fill up, etc. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 6. 2: "Only I say;" *J. C.* v. 4. 12: "Only I yield to die," etc.

203. *Working.* S. often uses the word of mental operations. Cf. *Sonn.* 93. 11, *M. for M.* ii. 1. 10, *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 33, etc.

209. *Come your ways.* Cf. ii. 3. 66 and iv. 1. 179 below.

210. *Speed.* Patron, protector. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 194: "Saint Dennis be my speed!" *R. and J.* v. 3. 121: "Saint Francis be my speed!" etc. The word often means good fortune, success; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 139, *W. T.* iii. 2. 146, etc. So the verb often = succeed; as in *A. W.* iii. 7. 44, *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 112, etc. It is also used in wishing success; as in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 180: "God speed fair Helena!" etc. See also *Genesis*, xxiv. 12 and 2 *John*, 10, 11.

215. *Should down.* A common ellipsis in S.

218. *Well-breathed.* In full breath, well started. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 2. 50: "as swift As breathed stags;" *A. and C.* iii. 13. 178: "I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd;" *L. L. L.* v. 2. 659:

"A man so breath'd that certain he would fight; yea,
From morn till night."

227. *Still.* Constantly; as very often. Cf. iii. 2. 51 below.

228. *Shouldst.* We should say "wouldst."

234. *Calling.* "Appellation; a very unusual, if not unprecedented sense of the word" (Steevens). Elsewhere S. uses it in the modern sense, but (with the exception of *Per.* iv. 2. 43, which may not be his) only of the ecclesiastical profession.

239. *Unto.* In addition to. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 3. 97: "Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee."

242. *Envious.* Malicious; the usual meaning in S. So *envy* more commonly = malice, spite, hate.

243. *At heart.* To the heart. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 202.

245. *But justly as.* Just as, exactly as.

247. *This.* A chain: as appears from iii. 2. 179. *Out of suits*, etc. = "turned out of the service of Fortune and stripped of her livery" (Steevens), or "out of her books or graces" (Johnson).

248. *Could.* Could with a good will, would gladly. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 2. 131: "The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on."

250. *My better parts.* Caldecott quotes *Mach.* v. 8. 18: "For it hath cow'd my better part of man."

252. *A quintain*. That is, a mere wooden image of a man. The *quintain*, in its simplest form, was an upright post, with a cross-bar turning on a pivot at the top. At one end of this bar was a broad target, at the other a heavy sand-bag. The sport was to ride at full speed at the target, hit it with a lance, and get out of the way before the sand-bag should swing round and strike the tilter on the back. The figure of a Saracen, with a shield on his left arm, and a drawn sabre in his right hand, sometimes took the place of the post with its cross-bar. Running at the quintain is said to have been a favourite sport at country weddings in Oxfordshire as late as the end of the seventeenth century.

255. *You have wrestled well*, etc. As Lady Martin remarks, "this is very significant, and speaks plainly enough, though spoken as it would be with great reserve of manner, of the favourable impression which the young wrestler has made upon her. We may be sure that but for his modest demeanour, Rosalind would not have allowed herself to confess so much." Cf. what Celia says in iii. 2. 207: "It is young Orlando that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant."

257. *Have with you*. I'll go with you; a common idiom. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 161, 229, 239, iii. 2. 93, *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 151, *Cor.* ii. 1. 286, etc.

259. *Conference*. Conversation; as often. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 229: "the conference was sadly borne," etc.

265. *Condition*. Temper, disposition. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 143: "the condition of a saint," etc. The word is here a quadrisyllable.

266. *Misconstrues*. The folio has "misconsters," the old spelling of the word. So *construe* was spelled and pronounced "conster."

267. *Humorous*. "Wayward, headstrong, obstinate" (Furness). Cf. ii. 3. 8 and iv. 1. 19 below. It is sometimes = capricious, as in *K. John*, iii. 1. 119: "her humorous ladyship" [Fortune], etc.

268. *I*. See on i. 1. 162 above, and cf. iii. 2. 151 below.

273. *Smaller*. The folio has "taller"; but cf. i. 3. 114 and iv.

3. 87 below. I adopt Malone's emendation, as nearest to the old text. Cf. Greene, *James IV.*: "my small son." "Shorter," "lower," and "lesser" are other modern readings.

280. *Argument*. Cause, reason. Cf. iii. 1. 3 below; also *M. W.* ii. 2. 256, *T. N.* iii. 3. 12, *Rich. III.* i. 1. 148, etc.

283. *On my life*. A common oath. Cf. *M. W.* v. 5. 200, *W. T.* v. 1. 43, etc. So *O' my life* (*M. W.* i. 1. 40), *by my life* (iv. 1. 153 and v. 2. 68 below), etc.

285. *In a better world*. In better times. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 78: "in this new world" (this new state of things); *T. and C.* iii. 2. 180: "in the world to come" (in coming time, in future generations), etc.

287. *Rest*. Remain. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 152: "rest debtor;" *W. T.* iii. 3. 49: "still rest thine," etc. See also iii. 2. 69 below. On *bounden*, cf. *K. John*, iii. 3. 29. Elsewhere S. has *bound* for the participle.

288. *From the smoke*, etc. That is, from bad to worse. *Smother* = thick and suffocating smoke.

SCENE III. — 11. *My child's father*. That is, him whom I hope to marry. Rowe (2d ed.) changed it to "my father's child," which is approved by several editors and critics. But, as Moberly remarks, "S. would have smiled at the emendation." The original reading would undoubtedly be indelicate now, but it was not considered so in the poet's day. Besides, the change is inconsistent with the conduct of the dialogue, in which Rosalind is represented as constantly thinking and speaking of her lover. We must bear in mind that she is talking with Celia.

12. *This working-day world*. This every-day life of ours. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 2. 55: "but a worky-day fortune."

18. *Hem them away*. Cough them away; as if the "burs" were in her throat. In *cry hem and have him*, there is perhaps a play on *hem* and *him*.

27. *On such a sudden*. Not elsewhere used by S. *On the sudden*

seems to be his favourite phrase, but he uses also *on a sudden* and *of a sudden*. *With* = for.

32. *Chase*. That is, *following* the argument; alluding possibly, as some think, to the *deer*, quibbling on the word *dearly*. For a play on *dear* and *deer*, see *V. and A.* 231, *M. W.* v. 5. 18, 123, *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 115, *T. of S.* v. 2. 56, 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 107, etc.

33. *Dearly*. Heartily. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 3. 43: "as we dearly grieve," etc. The word, like *dear*, is used of any intense feeling. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 182: "My dearest foe," etc.

36. *Deserve well*. Deserve *it* well; that is, to be hated. Rosalind purposely misinterprets the phrase. Malone explains it thus: "Celia answers Rosalind, who had desired her *not to hate* Orlando, as if she had said *love* him."

40. *Safest haste*. "The haste which is your best safety" (Moberly). It is an instance of *prolepsis*, or the *anticipation* in an adjective of the *result* of the action expressed or implied in the noun. Cf. *Mach.* i. 6. 3, iii. 4. 76, etc.

41. *Cousin*. Niece; as in *T. N.* i. 3. 5, *T. and C.* i. 2. 44, etc. Elsewhere S. uses it for nephew, uncle, brother-in-law, and grandchild; also as a mere complimentary form of address between princes, etc.

42. *If that*. For *that* as "a conjunctive affix" (used with *and*, *but*, *lest*, *when*, *since*, etc.), cf. 48, just below, and ii. 7. 73, iii. 5. 93, and iv. 3. 116.

46. *If with myself*, etc. If I know my own mind.

52. *Purgation*. Exculpation. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 152: "and fair purgation," etc. See also v. 4. 44 below.

62. *My father was no traitor*. "Rosalind's brave spirit will not allow her to defend herself at her father's expense, or to separate her cause from his. There are few passages in S. more instinctively true and noble than this. She had *not* offended her uncle, even in thought, though every one else was doing so; but the least suggestion that her father is a traitor rouses her in arms to defend him" (Moberly).

63. *Good my liege.* See on i. 2. 1 above.
64. *To think.* As to think. *My poverty* = one so poor as I.
66. *Stay'd.* See on i. 1. 8 above.
69. *Remorse.* Pity, compassion. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 20: "mercy and remorse;" *K. John*, iii. 4. 50: "tears of soft remorse," etc. The only meaning of *remorseful* in S. is compassionate, and of *remorseless* (as in our day) pitiless.
70. *That time.* At that time.
72. *Still.* See on i. 2. 227 above.
73. *At an instant.* At the same instant. S. uses both *eat* and *eaten* for the participle, but *eat* regularly for the past tense.
74. *Juno's swans.* Her chariot was drawn by peacocks, as S. himself makes it in *Temp.* iv. 1. 73. S. forgot or confused the ancient fables for the moment.
77. *Patience.* A trisyllable here.
80. *Show.* Appear; as often in S. Cf. *V. and A.* 366: "Show'd like two silver doves;" *R. of L.* ded. 5: "my duty would show greater;" *M. of V.* iv. 1. 196: "doth then show likest God's," etc. *Virtuous* = gifted with *virtues*, or good qualities generally.
86. *Provide yourself.* Prepare yourself, get ready to go. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 7: "We will ourselves provide," etc.
95. *No, hath not?* This seems to be a mere repetition of what Rosalind has said, rather than (as some make it) an instance like *No had? No did? No will?* etc. (equivalent to *Had he not? Did he not?* etc.).
96. *Which teacheth thee,* etc. "Which ought to teach you as it has already taught me" (Moberly). Theobald changed *thee* to "me" and *am* to "are"; but the sense does not require the former change, nor the grammar—that is, Elizabethan grammar—the latter one. Even the learned Ben Jonson could write (*The Fox*, ii. 1) "both it and I am at your service," and (*Cynthia's Revels*, i. 1) "My thoughts and I am for this other element, water."
103. *For, by this heaven,* etc. "By this heaven, or the light of heaven, with its lustre faded in sympathy with our feelings"

(Caldecott). The scene (which is on the same day as the preceding one) is apparently towards evening.

106. *To seek my uncle*, etc. Campbell remarks: "Before I say more of this dramatic treasure, I must absolve myself by a confession as to some of its improbabilities. Rosalind asks her cousin Celia, 'Whither shall we go?' and Celia answers, 'To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.' But, arrived there, and having purchased a cottage and sheep-farm, neither the daughter nor niece of the banished Duke seem to trouble themselves much to inquire about either father or uncle. The lively and natural-hearted Rosalind discovers no impatience to embrace her sire until she has finished her masked courtship with Orlando. But Rosalind was in love, as I have been with the comedy these forty years; and love is blind — for until a late period my eyes were never couched so as to see this objection. The truth, however, is, that love is *wilfully* blind; and now that my eyes are opened, I shut them against the fault. Away with your best-proved improbabilities, when the heart has been touched and the fancy fascinated!"

109. *Beauty provoketh thieves*, etc. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 393: —

"But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms and defend her fruit," etc.

113. *Stir*. Excite, rouse. Cf. *W. T.* v. 3. 74: "I am sorry I have thus far stirred you," etc.

114. *Because that*. See on 42 above. *Common* is the adjective used adverbially; as adjectives often are by S.

115. *Suit me all points*. Dress myself in all respects. For the pronoun, see on i. 2. 187 above.

116. *Curtle-axe*. Cutlass. It is the Fr. *coutelas* which from the form *courtelas* became corrupted into *curtlass*, *curtlaxe*, and *curtle-axe*. These are but a few of the old spellings, but will serve to show how a sword was gradually turned into an "axe." Spenser

(*F. Q.* iv. 2. 42) calls it "curtaxe." *Cutlash* and *cutlace* were later forms.

119. *Swashing*. Swaggering, blustering. Cf. *swasher* = braggart, bully, in *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 30. *Swashbuckler* was used in the same sense.

120. *Mannish*. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 236: "though now our voices Have got the mannish crack;" and *T. and C.* iii. 3. 217; "A woman impudent and mannish grown."

121. *Outface it*. Face it out. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 94; "Scambling, outfacing, fashion-monging boys."

127. *No longer Celia, but Aliena*. An eleven-syllable line. *Celia* is a trisyllable, as in 66 above, and *Aliena* accented on the penult, as it ought to be.

128. *Assay'd*. Tried, attempted. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 3. 207: "Assays to lead the way," etc.

132. *Woo*. Solicit, gain over. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 4. 28: "Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles;" *T. and C.* iii. 1. 162: "I must woo you To help unarm our Hector," etc.

136. *Go we in content*. The reading of the later folios; the first has "in we." *Content* is a noun, as in iii. 2. 25 below.

ACT II

SCENE I.—1. *Exile*. Accented on the last syllable, as in *R. and J.* iii. 3. 20, 140 (but *éxile* 13 and 43), v. 3. 211, etc. S. also uses the verb with both accents.

2. *Old custom*. Continued habit.

5. *Here feel we not*, etc. This is the reading of the folios, but many editors read "feel we but." Knight thus defends the old text: "We ask, what is 'the penalty of Adam'? All the commentators say, 'the seasons' difference.' On the contrary, it was, 'In the

sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' Milton represents the repentant Adam as thus interpreting the penalty : —

‘ On me the curse aslope
Glanced on the ground ; *with labour I must earn*
My bread ; what harm ? Idleness had been worse.’

‘The seasons’ difference,’ it must be remembered, was ordained *before* the fall and was in no respect a *penalty*. We may therefore reject the received interpretation. But how could the Duke say, receiving the passage in the sense we have suggested, ‘Here feel we *not* the penalty of Adam’? In the first act, Charles the Wrestler, describing the Duke and his comrades, says, they ‘fleet the time carelessly as they did in the *golden world*.’ One of the characteristics of the golden world is thus described by Daniel : —

‘ Oh ! happy golden age !
Not for that rivers ran
With streams of milk and honey dropp’d from trees ;
Not that the earth did gage
Unto the husbandman
Her voluntary fruits, free without fees.’

The song of Amiens in the fifth scene of this act, conveys, we think, the same allusion : —

‘ Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i’ the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas’d with what he gets.’

The exiled courtiers led a life without toil — a life in which they were contented with a little — and they were thus exempt from the ‘penalty of Adam.’ We close, therefore, the sentence at ‘Adam.’ ‘The seasons’ difference’ is now the antecedent of ‘these are counsellors’; the freedom of construction common to Shakespeare and the poets of his time fully warranting this acceptance of the reading. In this way, the Duke says, ‘The differences of the seasons

are counsellors that teach me what I am; as, for example, the winter's wind—which, when it blows upon my body, I smile and say, this is no flattery.' ”

6. *As*. As for instance, namely. Cf. iv. 3. 141 below. See also *Macb.* v. 3. 25, etc.

8. *Which*. As to which.

13. *Like the toad*, etc. Cf. 3 *Hen.* VI. ii. 2. 138: “venom toads;” *Rich.* III. i. 2. 148: “Never hung poison on a fouler toad,” etc. Better naturalists than S. believed in the *toad-stone*, the “precious jewel” of the text. Fenton, in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 1569, says that “there is founde in the heades of old and great toades, a stone which they call Borax or Stelon: it is most commonly founde in the head of a hee toad, of power to repulse poysons, and that it is a most soveraigne medicine for the stone.” Its virtues are also set forth in Lupton's *Thousand Notable Things*, 1586, in Topsell's *History of Serpents*, 1608, and by other learned writers of the time. Allusions to it are frequent in the literature of that day. Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, says: “As the foule toad hath a faire stone in his head; the fine golde is founde in the filthie earth; the sweete kernell lyeth in the harde shell,” etc. Lyly, in his *Euphues*, also says that “the foule toad hath a faire stone in his head,” etc.

18. *I would not change it*. The folios make these words the beginning of the next speech, but I think that Upton, Dyce, and others are right in transferring them to the Duke.

21. *Go and kill us*. See on i. 1. 73; and for *us* on i. 2. 187.

22. *Irks me*. Cf. 1 *Hen.* VI. i. 4. 105: “it irks his heart;” and 3 *Hen.* VI. ii. 2. 6: “it irks my very soul.” S. uses the word only three times. *Irksome* occurs in iii. 5. 94 below.

Fool is sometimes used as “a term of endearment or pity.” Cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 18: “Do not weep, poor fools;” 3 *Hen.* VI. ii. 5. 36: “So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean,” etc. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes a poem by Harington, addressed to his wife:—

“Thus then I doe rejoyce in that thou grievest,
And yet, sweet foole, I love thee, thou beleevest.”

23. *Burghers*. Citizens. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 10: "Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood." In Sidney's *Arcadia* deer are called "the wild burgesses of the forest"; and in Drayton's *Polyolbion* the hart is "a burgess of the wood."

24. *Confines*. For the accent, cf. *Sonn.* 83. 4: "In whose confine immured is the store," etc. S. oftener accents it on the first syllable; as in *J. C.* iii. 1. 272: "Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice," etc. The *forked heads* are those of arrows. Ascham (*Toxophilus*) uses the same words in describing arrows.

26. *Jaques*. A dissyllable, as always in S. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 4. 4: "I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;" *Id.* iii. 5. 98: "There's four or five to great Saint Jaques bound," etc.

27. *In that kind*. In that way. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 70: "if the prince do solicit you in that kind," etc.

30. *Lay along*. Lay at full length. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 15: "That now on Pompey's basis lies along," etc. See also iii. 2. 236 below.

"Shakespeare," said Coleridge, "never gives a description of rustic scenery merely for its own sake, or to show how well he can paint natural objects: he is never tedious or elaborate; but while he now and then displays marvellous accuracy and minuteness of knowledge, he usually only touches upon the larger features and broader characteristics, leaving the fillings up to the imagination. Thus, in *As You Like It*, he describes an oak of many centuries' growth in a single line: 'Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out.' Other and inferior writers would have dwelt on this description, and worked it out with all the pettiness and impertinence of detail. In Shakespeare the 'antique' root furnishes the whole picture."

31. *Antique*. Spelt *antique* or *antick* in the early eds. without regard to the meaning, but always accented on the first syllable.

33. *Sequester'd*. Separated from his companions. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 3. 75: "Why are you sequester'd from all your train?" There the accent is on the first syllable, as in the noun in *Oth.* iii. 4. 40: "A

sequester from liberty, fasting, and prayer." In *T. and C.* iii. 3. 8, it is accented as in the text.

36. *The wretched animal*, etc. In a marginal note to a similar passage in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, it is said that "the harte weepeth at his dying: his tears are held to be precious in medicine." We find the same idea in Batman, Sidney, and other writers of the time.

39. *Cours'd*. Chased. Cf. *Macb.* i. 6. 21: "We cours'd him at the heels," etc.

42. *The extremest verge*. The very edge. S. accents *extreme* on the first syllable, except in *Sonn.* 129. 4. 10. *Extremest*, which he uses often, has the modern accent. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 138, *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 47, etc.

44. *Moralize*. Moralize upon, draw a moral from. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 4. 81: "I pray thee, moralize them," etc.

46. *Needless*. Not needing it. Cf. *careless* = uncared for (*Macb.* i. 4. 11), *sightless* = unseen (*Macb.* i. 7. 23), etc.

49. *Being there*. As to his being there. The line is an Alexandrine.

50. *Of*. By; as often. *Velvet* = "soft, delicate" (Schmidt).

52. *Flux*. Flow, confluence. S. uses the word only here and in iii. 2. 66 below.

59. *The body*. The whole system.

62. *Up*. Often used, as now, to "impart to verbs the sense of completion" (Schmidt). Cf. "dries up" (*V. and A.* 756), "burnt up" (*Temp.* iii. 1. 17), "mould up" (*Hen. VIII.* v. 5. 27), "poisons up" (*L. L. L.* iv. 3. 305), etc. See also Robinson's translation of More's *Utopia*: "olde age kylleth them vp."

67. *Cope*. Encounter. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 78: "to cope malicious censurers;" *V. and A.* 888: "who shall cope him first?" etc.

68. *Matter*. Good sense. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 344: "all mirth and no matter;" *Ham.* ii. 2. 95: "more matter with less art," etc. See also *material* in iii. 3. 32 below.

SCENE II.—3. *Are of consent and sufferance*. That is, have connived at it and allowed it.

7. *Untreasur'd*. Used by S. only here ; and *treasure* (= enrich) only in *Sonn.* 6. 3.

8. *Roynish*. Scurvy, mean (Fr. *rogneux*). Cf. *ronyon* (*Mach.* i. 3. 6 and *M. W.* iv. 2. 195), which has the same origin.

13. *Parts*. Gifts, qualities ; as in i. 1. 141 above. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 118: "I thy parts admire," etc. *Graces* = attractions. Cf. *Sonn.* 103. 12: "your graces and your gifts." *Wrestler* is here a trisyllable.

19. *Suddenly*. Quickly. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 1. 6: "Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly." See also ii. 4. 100 below.

20. *Inquisition*. Inquiry ; as in the only other instance of the word in S. (*Temp.* i. 2. 35). *Quail* = flag, slacken.

SCENE III.—3. *Memory*. Memorial, reminder. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 77:—

" a good memory
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me."

4. *What make you here?* Cf. i. 1. 28 and iii. 2. 217.

7. *So fond*, etc. So foolish as. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 3. 9:—

" I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request."

8. *The bonny priser*. The gallant prize-fighter. The *New English Dict.* defines it in this and another passage, as "big, strong." The first folio has it "bonnie," the later folios "bonny." Some editors change it to "bony" (= big-boned, sturdy), but S. does not use the word elsewhere, and it is doubtful whether it had that sense in his day. He has *bonny* several times = blithe, and once (2 *Hen.* VI. v. 2. 12: "the bonny beast he lov'd so well") with quite the same force as here. *Priser*, or *prizer*, he uses only here and in

T. and C. ii. 2. 56, where it is = appraiser. For *humorous* see on i. 2. 267.

12. *No more do yours.* A peculiar kind of "double negative"; like *V. and A.* 478: "To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd" (where *marr'd*—we should say *made*—duplicates the idea in *hurt*); *M. of V.* iv. 1. 162: "Let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation" (either = no motive to let him lack, or = no impediment to let him have); *Cymb.* i. 4. 23: "a beggar without less quality" (= "with less," or "without more," both of which have been proposed as emendations), etc. In the present passage *but as enemies* = nothing else than enemies, and *No more do yours* is an emphatic reiteration of the implied negative.

15. *Envenoms.* Poisons. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 63, *Ham.* iv. 7. 104, etc. There may be an allusion to the poisoned tunic of Hercules.

23. *Use.* Are accustomed. We still use the past tense of the verb in this sense, but not the present. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 175: "they always use to laugh at nothing;" *T. N.* ii. 5. 104: "with which she uses to seal;" *A. and C.* ii. 5. 32: "we use To say the dead are well," etc. See also Milton, *Lycidas*, 67: "Were it not better done, as others use," etc.

26. *Practices.* Plottings. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 90: "the practices of France;" *Id.* ii. 2. 144: "And God acquit them of their practices!" etc.

27. *Place.* That is, place for you; or, perhaps, *place* = dwelling-place, residence. Cf. *L. C.* 82: "Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;" *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 69: "Did Julius Cæsar build that place [the Tower], my lord?" So "Crosby Place" (the quarto reading in *Rich. III.* i. 2. 213, etc.) = Crosby House; "Eltham Place" (1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 156) = Eltham House, etc. *Butchery* here = slaughter-house; elsewhere (as in *Rich. III.* i. 2. 54, 100, etc.) = slaughter.

36. *Subject.* English editors think it necessary to note that the accent is on the second syllable, but this is the modern pronuncia-

tion of the verb, at least in this country ; and it is the only one in S. See *Temp.* i. 2, 114, *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 176, and *K. John*, i. 1. 264, which are the only other instances.

37. *Diverted blood.* Alienated or perverted relationship.

39. *The thrifty hire I saved.* That is, the wages which I was thrifty in saving.

42. *In corners thrown.* That is, *be* thrown there.

43, 44. *The ravens . . . the sparrow.* Cf. *Job*, xxxviii. 41, *Psalms*, lxxxiv. 3, cxlvii. 9, *Matthew*, x. 29, and *Luke*, xii. 6, 24.

49. *In my blood.* "These words seem by a kind of zeugma to belong both to the verb *apply* and to the adjectives *hot* and *rebellious*" (Moberly).

50. *Nor did not.* Cf. ii. 4. 9 below. *Unbashful* = shameless. *Woo the means* = seek pleasures that are the cause.

57. *Constant.* Faithful. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 5: "Constant loyalty;" *Cymb.* i. 5. 75: —

"a sly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd," etc.

58. *Sweat.* Past tense; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 205, *Hen. VIII.* ii. 1. 33, etc. It is also used for the participle; as in *T. of A.* iii. 2. 28.

60. *Promotion.* A quadrisyllable. See on i. 2. 265, and cf. i. 3. 77.

61. *And having,* etc. "Even with the *promotion* gained by service is service extinguished" (Johnson).

65. *In lieu of.* In return for; the only meaning in S. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 130, *M. of V.* iv. 1. 410, *Hen. V.* i. 2. 255, etc.

66. *Come thy ways.* See on i. 2. 209 above.

68. *Some settled low content.* Some place where we may get a humble living and settle down contented ; a good example of Shakespearian condensation of language.

74. *Too late a week.* Probably a proverbial phrase, like a "day too late for the fair."

SCENE IV. — 1. *Weary*. The folios have “merry,” but most of the editors adopt *weary*. Furness and others defend “merry” on the ground that Rosalind is trying to comfort Celia by an assumed cheerfulness; and they may be right.

4. *I could find in my heart*. I am almost inclined. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 4. 16: “I could find in my heart to stay here;” *A. W.* ii. 5. 13: “I cannot yet find in my heart to repent,” etc. In *Much Ado*, iii. 5. 24 it is “find *it* in my heart.”

6. *The weaker vessel*. Cf. 1 *Peter*, iii. 7. *Doublet and hose* = coat and breeches. According to Fairholt (*Costume in England*), the *doublet* was so called from “being made of double stuff padded between. . . . The doublet was close, and fitted tightly to the body, the skirts reaching a little below the girdle.” The same writer says of *hose*, “This word, now applied solely to the stocking, was originally used to imply the breeches or chausses.”

11. *I had rather*. Good old English, like *had as lief*, etc. See on i. 1. 143 above. For the play on *bear* and *bear with*, cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 125, and *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 128.

12. *Bear no cross*. The old English penny was called a *cross* from bearing the impress of one. For the play upon the word, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 253. Here, as in some other instances, the fact seems to be sacrificed to the pun. Cf. i. 3. 133 above, and 65, 94 below.

19. *Look you*, etc. See who is coming. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 132, etc. Some eds. point “who comes here?”

21. *Solemn talk*. Earnest or serious conversation. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 227, etc.

31. *Fantasy*. Love; like *fancy* (cf. iii. 5. 29 and v. 4. 150), which is only a contracted form of the same word. It occurs again in the same sense in v. 2. 91 below.

38. *Wearing*. The reading of the first folio; the later ones have “Wearying,” which means the same. Cf. *A. W.* v. 1. 4: “To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs.”

40. *Broke*. Cf. *spoke* in i. i. 83. S. also uses *broken* for the participle.

44. *Searching of*. In searching of, or a-searching of.

45. *By hard adventure*. By bad luck, unfortunately.

48. *A-night*. By night. Cf. Chaucer, *Legende of Goode Women*, 1473:—

“yf that any straunge wyghte
With tempest thider were yblow anyghte.”

49. *Batlet*. The small *bat* used for beating clothes while washing them. The first folio has “batler,” which has the same meaning, and is retained by some editors.

50. *Choft* = chapped. Cf. *J.C.* i. 2. 246: “their choft hands,” etc.

51. *Peascod*. Pea-pod. It was often used in rustic divination of love affairs. Mr. Davy, speaking of Suffolk, says: “The kitchen-maid, when she shells green pease, never omits, if she finds one having nine pease, to lay it on the lintel of the kitchen-door; and the first clown who enters it is infallibly to be her husband, or at least her sweetheart.” “Winter-time for shoeing, peascod time for wooing” is an old Devonshire proverb. Cf. Browne, *Britannia's Pastorals*:—

“The peascod greene oft with no little toyle
Hee'd seeke for in the fattest, fertil'st soile,
And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her,
And in her bosome for acceptance wooe her.”

52. *Two cods*. Johnson suggested “two peas,” but *coas* or *peascods* seems sometimes to have been used for peas. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Honest Man's Fortune*, iii. 3: “thou shalt wear gold, feed on delicates, the first peascods, strawberries,” etc.

53. *Weeping tears*. This ridiculous expression occurs in Lodge's novel, and also in the old play of *The Victories of King Henry V.*, Peele's *Jests*, etc. (Steevens).

56. *Mortal in folly*. Mortally foolish. *Mortal* = very great, is used in various English dialects.

57. *Wiser*. More wisely. See on iii. 5. 137. *Ware* = aware, but not a contraction of that word, as most modern eds. make it. It is uniformly printed "ware" in the folio.

59. *Till I break*, etc. "Till I find to my cost the truth of some of my own aphorisms" (Moberly).

61. *Upon my fashion*. After my fashion; as in i. i. i. Schmidt compares Lyly, *Euphues*: "he returned them a salute on this manner;" and Greene, *Pandosto*: "began to parley with her on this manner." Ellis (*Early English Pronunciation*) thinks that *passion* and *fashion* here are trisyllables.

71. *Love or gold*. Cf. the proverbial phrase, "for love or money."

75. *Faints for succour*. That is, she faints for want of succour. Cf. "dead for breath" (*Macb.* i. 5. 37), "to sink for food" (*Cymb.* iii. 6. 17), etc. In *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 136, "for catching cold" = for fear of catching cold.

79. *That I graze*. Of the sheep that I feed.

81. *Little recks*. Little cares. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 3. 40: "recking as little what betideth me."

83. *Cote*. Cottage (cf. 92 below). So *sheepcote* in next line and in iv. 3. 77. See also *W. T.* iv. 4. 808, etc. *Bounds of feed* = limits of pasturage, pastures.

87. *In my voice*. In my name, so far as I am concerned. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 2. 185: "Implore her in my voice," etc.

88. *What is he?* Who is he? Cf. ii. 7. 79 below.

89. *But erewhile*. Just now. Cf. iii. 5. 104 below. See also *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 99, and *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 274.

91. *If it stand with honesty*. If it is consistent with honesty; that is, with the understanding you have with Silvius. Cf. *Cor.* ii. 3. 91, etc.

95. *Waste*. Spend. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 12, *Temp.* v. 1. 302, *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 57, etc. See also ii. 7. 134 below.

100. *Feeder*. Shepherd, the feeder of your flocks.

SCENE V. — 3. *Turn*. Pope and some others change *turn* to “tune.” Whiter says that “*to turn a tune*, in the counties of York and Durham, is the appropriate and familiar phrase for modulating the voice properly according to the *turns* or air of the tune.”

5. *Come hither*. Let him come hither.

6. *Here shall he see*, etc. Cf. ii. 1. 6 fol.

13. *As a weasel sucks eggs*. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 170: —

“For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs.”

15. *Ragged*. Rough. S. elsewhere uses *ragged* where we should use *rugged*. Cf. *R. of L.* 892: “Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;” *Sonn.* 6. 1: “winter’s ragged hand,” etc.

18. *Stanzo*. The folio reading, and found in other books of the time. S. uses the word only here and in *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 99, where the folio has *stanze*.

25. *The encounter*, etc. The grinning of two monkeys at each other. Bartholomæus says of apes: “some be call *cenophe*; and be lyke to an hounde in the face, and in the body lyke to an ape.” Maplett, in his *Green Forest, or a Natural History*, 1567, speaks of five kinds of apes, one of which “is not much unlike our dog in figure or shew.” The reference here, as in S., is probably to the dog-faced baboon, the *Simia hamadryas* of Linnæus.

28. *The beggarly thanks*. “The professionally benedictive thanks of a beggar” (Moberly).

30. *Cover the while*. Spread the table in the meantime. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 5. 57, 65, and 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 11. For *the while*, see *Temp.* iii. 1. 24, *Mach.* ii. 1. 29, etc.

31. *Drink*. The folio reading, changed in many eds. to “dine,” which is sufficiently implied in *cover*. As Capell remarks, *drink* “tells something more,—that he meant to pass the afternoon there, under the shade of that tree.”

32. *To look you.* To look for you. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 6. 115 : "I must go look my twigs," etc.

34. *Disputable.* Disputatious. Adjectives in *-able* are often used actively.

35. *I give heaven thanks,* etc. A proverbial expression. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 19 : "Why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it."

38. *To live i' the sun.* That is, "a life of open-air freedom," or of "careless idleness."

46. *In despite of my invention.* "As imagination would do nothing for me, I spited it by the following choice composition" (Moberly). *To this note* = to the same tune.

53. *Ducdame.* A word on which the commentators have wasted much ink, without giving a satisfactory answer to the question of Amiens, "What's that *ducdame*?" It is probably mere nonsense coined for the occasion, echoing in rhythm and accent the *come hither* of the song.

58. *To call fools into a circle.* Moberly adds, "for the purpose of etymologically and linguistically investigating the meaning of *ducdame*;" which is a fair hit at the commentators, one of whom (followed by several others) seriously argues that the word is "manifestly" the call of the *dame*, or housewife, to her *ducks*!

59. *Go sleep.* See on i. 1. 73 above. *The first-born of Egypt* (*Exodus*, xi. 5) probably has no definite meaning here; or, as Nares suggests, "perhaps Jaques is only intended to say that, if he cannot sleep, he will, like other discontented people, rail against his betters."

61. *Banquet.* Probably here = dinner, feast; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 178. It sometimes meant only the dessert; as in *T. of S.* v. 2. 9 : —

"My banquet is to close our stomachs up
After our great good cheer."

SCENE VI. — 2. *For food.* That is, for want of it. See on ii. 4. 75 above. *Here lie I down,* etc. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 3. 70 : —

"And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave."

5. *Comfort*. That is, comfort thyself; or it may be = take comfort, be comforted.

6. *Uncouth*. Unknown, strange; its original sense. Cf. *R. of L.* 1598: "What uncouth ill event Hath thee befallen?" and Milton, *P. L.* ii. 406:—

"And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way."

8. *Thy conceit*, etc. You think yourself nearer to death than you are. *Conceit* often = conception, idea, thought, etc. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 114: "Conceit (that is, fancy or imagination) in weakest bodies strongest works."

10. *Presently*. Immediately. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 42, v. 1. 101, etc.

13. *Well said!* "Well spoken and to the purpose." He congratulates himself that his words make Adam "look cheerly." It often means, "Well done!" as in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 75, etc.

Thou lookest cheerly. That is, cheerily, cheerfully. Cf. *T. of A.* ii. 2. 223: "Prithee, man, look cheerly!" etc. See also ii. 7. 11 below, and cf. i. 2. 153 above.

SCENE VII.—1. *I think he be*. The subjunctive is often used after verbs of thinking. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 443, etc.

3. *But even now*. But just now. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 232, etc.

4. *Hearing of*. See on ii. 4. 44.

5. *Compact of jars*. All made up of discords. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 8: "of imagination all compact," etc.

6. *The spheres*. An allusion to the Pythagorean doctrine of the music of the spheres. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 1. 121, *M. of V.* v. 1. 60, *A. and C.* v. 2. 84, etc. See also Milton, *Hymn on Nativity*, 125-132, etc.

13. *Motley*. The party-coloured dress of the professional fool.

The word is used as a noun (= fool) in *Sonn.* 110. 2, and in iii. 3. 78 below.

A miserable world! "Jaques for the moment laughs at his own melancholy view of the world, having just heard it echoed by a professional jester" (Clarke).

16. *Rail'd on.* S. uses *on* or *upon* after *rail* oftener than *at*. *Against* is sometimes the preposition; as in ii. 5. 57 and iii. 2. 262 of the present play. For *Lady Fortune* cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 51: "O Lady Fortune!" *Temp.* i. 2. 178: "bountiful Fortune, Now my dear lady," etc. See also on i. 2. 31.

19. *Call me not fool*, etc. An allusion to the old proverb: "Fortune favours fools, or fools have the best luck" (Ray, *English Proverbs*, 1670).

20. *A dial.* This in the time of S. might mean either a watch or a portable sun-dial, and it is doubtful which is intended here. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 5. 6: "my dial goes not true," etc. *Poke* = pouch, pocket. We still use the word in the proverb, "to buy a pig in a poke." *Pocket* is a diminutive of it.

26. *Ripe.* Ripen; as in *M. of V.* ii. 8. 40: "the very riping of the time." It is used transitively in *K. John*, ii. 1. 472: "no sun to ripe the bloom;" and in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 13: "to ripe his growing fortunes."

29. *Moral.* Moralize; the only instance of the verb in S. Some make it an adjective.

30. *Crow.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 28: "You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock." See also *T. N.* i. 5. 95.

31. *Deep-contemplative.* Compound adjectives are not rare in S.

32. *Sans.* Cf. 166 below. See also *Temp.* i. 2. 97, *L. L. L.* v. 1. 91, etc. It was much used by the writers of the time, and appears to have been viewed as an English word. Cotgrave (*Fr. Dict.*) translates *sans* by "sanse, without, besides"; and Florio (*Ital. Dict.*) gives "sanse" as an English equivalent for *senza*. *Intermission* is here five syllables.

34. *The only wear.* The only thing to wear, the only dress in

fashion. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 327: "Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a;" *M. for M.* iii. 2. 78: "it is not the wear," etc.

39. *Dry*, etc. Boswell quotes Jonson's *Every Man Out of his Humour*, ind.:—

"And now and then breaks a dry biscuit jest,
Which, that it may more easily be chew'd,
He steeps in his own laughter."

40. *Strange places*. Odd corners. Some explain *places* as "topics or subjects of discourse," but this does not suit so well with *cramm'd*. The *which* refers to *observation* (knowledge gained by observation), not, as some suppose, to *places*.

44. *Suit*. For the play on the word cf. iv. 1. 83 below. See also *1 Hen. IV.* i. 2. 81.

48. *As the wind*. That "bloweth where it listeth" (*John* iii. 8). Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 253: "Speak frankly as the wind;" *Cor.* i. 9. 89: "as free as is the wind;" and *Hen. V.* i. 1. 48: "The air, a charter'd libertine."

53-57. *He that*, etc. In the folio the passage reads thus:—

"Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart
Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,
The Wise-mans folly is anathomiz'd
Euen by the squandring glances of the foole."

In 55 some read "Not to seem;" others "But to seem," etc. The meaning is essentially the same, but the latter seems more Shakespearian. The sense then is: He whom a fool happens to hit well is very foolish unless he appears not to feel the rap; otherwise his folly is laid bare even by the random sallies of the fool. For *senseless* = insensible, cf. *Cymb.* i. 1. 135: "I am senseless of your wrath," etc. *Bob* = rap, hit, is not found elsewhere in S., but we have the verb (= beat, drub) in *Rich. III.* v. 3. 334 and *T. and C.* ii. 1. 76. For *anatomize* = lay open, disclose, cf. i. 1. 153 above. *Squander* is used by S. only here and in *M. of V.* i. 3. 22: "other

ventures he hath, squandered abroad;" that is, scattered abroad. In *Oth.* iii. 3. 151 ("his scattering and unsure observance") *scattering* is used much like *squandering* here.

63. *For a counter.* A *counter* was a round piece of metal used in calculations. It is used contemptuously for coins in *J. C.* iv. 3. 80: "such rascal counters."

66. *The brutish sting.* Animal passion. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 59: "The wanton stings and motions of the sense;" and *Oth.* i. 3. 335: "our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts."

67. *Embossed.* Tumid; as in *Lear*, ii. 4. 227: "an embossed carbuncle." *Headed* = grown to 'a head. In the only other instance of the verb in *S.* (*M. for M.* ii. 1. 250: "it is but heading and hanging") it means to behead.

70. *Why, who cries out,* etc. "Chide as I will, why should I *offend* them? Who can say that I mean *him*? Jaques appears either wilfully or through shallowness to miss the deep wisdom of the Duke's saying, and the whole character of his admonition. The Duke had not said that Jaques would *offend* people, but that he would *corrupt* them" (Moberly).

71. *Tax.* Censure. See on i. 2. 85, and cf. 86 below. *Private* = "particular, opposed to general;" as in *Sonn.* 9. 7: "every private widow."

73. *The wearer's very means.* The folio has "wearie verie meanes," which some retain, but the emendation in the text is generally adopted. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 83:—

"O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey."

75. *When that.* See on i. 3. 42.

76. *The cost of princes,* etc. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 83: "She bears a duke's revenues on her back."

77. *Come in.* Intervene; as in *M. for M.* ii. 1. 31.

79. *Of basest function.* Of the meanest position.

80. *Bravery*. Finery. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 3. 57: "With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery." Cf. also *brave* = fine, beautiful; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 6, 411, iii. 2. 104, 111, 113, v. 1. 183, 261, etc. *On my cost* = at my expense. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 25: "doth feed upon my cost."

82. *Mettle*. Substance, purport. The early eds. make no distinction between *metal* and *mettle*.

84. *Do him right*. Give him his due, do him justice; as in *M. for M.* ii. 2. 103, *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 138, and many other passages.

85. *Free*. Innocent; as in *W. T.* i. 2. 251, *Ham.* ii. 2. 590, *Oth.* ii. 3. 343, etc.

88. *Eat*. S. uses both *eat* and *eaten* for the participle, and the former regularly (so far as the early eds. show) for the past tense.

90. *Of what kind*, etc. Of what race, etc. On the double preposition, cf. *in*, 139 below. See also *A. W.* i. 2. 29, *T. and C.* v. 1. 63, *Cor.* ii. 1. 18, etc.

91. *Boldened*. Not a contraction of *emboldened*, as sometimes printed. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 55. *Bold* is used as a verb in the same sense in *Lear*, v. 1. 26.

94. *Vein*. Disposition, temper. *At first* refers of course to 91.

96. *Inland bred*. Brought up in the interior of the country, as opposed to the less populous and less cultivated frontiers, or perhaps to mountainous districts. Cf. iii. 2. 341 below.

97. *Nurture*. Culture, good-breeding. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 189. So *ill-nurtured* = ill-bred in *V. and A.* 134 and 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 42.

99. *Answered*. Satisfied; as in *J. C.* v. 1. 1, etc.

104. *For food*. See on ii. 4. 75 above.

109. *Commandment*. Command; as in *W. T.* ii. 2. 8: "I have express commandment," etc.

110. *Inaccessible*. Hard of access, "almost inaccessible" (*Temp.* ii. 1. 37).

114. *Knoll'd*. Cf. *Macb.* v. 8. 50 and 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 103.

118. *Enforcement*. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 107: "by what rough enforcement You got it," etc.

125. *Upon command.* At your will or pleasure.

128. *Whiles.* Cf. v. 4. 5, 137 below; also *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 374, etc. On *like a doe*, cf. *V. and A.* 875.

131. *Suffic'd.* Satisfied. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 191: "when my knightly stomach is suffic'd," etc.

132. *Weak evils.* That is, causing weakness; the cause and effect being transposed, as very often.

139. *All the world's a stage.* The comparison is very common in writers of the time. Cf. Edwardes, *Damon and Pythias*, 1571:—

"Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage,
Whereon many play their parts ;"

Sidney, *Arcadia*: "She found the world but a wearisome stage to her, where she played a part against her will," etc.

143. *Seven ages.* The division of man's life into seven, ten, or more periods or "ages" was likewise common, and dates back to very ancient times. Plato attributes to Hippocrates the division of man's life into seven periods. In the *Mishnā* fourteen periods are given, and a poem upon the ten stages of life was written by the great Hebrew commentator Ibn Ezra (Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra"). Sir Thomas Browne devotes a chapter of his *Vulgar Errors* (iv. 12) to the various divisions which have been proposed. As Grant White remarks (*Tale of the Forest of Arden*), all these stages of life are here described "in scoffing and disparaging terms"; in fact, Jaques "seized the occasion to sneer at the representatives of the whole human race."

144. *Mewling.* Squalling; used by S. only here.

146. *Like snail.* Halliwell-Phillipps quotes Browne, *Britannia's Pastorals*:—

"Or with their hats (for fish) lade in a brooke
Withouten paine : but when the morne doth looke
Out of the easterne gates, a snayle would faster
Glide to the schooles, then they unto their master."

148. *Sighing like furnace.* Cf. *Cymb.* i. 6. 66 : "He furnaces The thick sighs from him."

150. *Full of strange oaths.* Sir James Douglas, one day hearing the exclamation "The devil!" pronounced with great emphasis in a cottage, immediately concluded "that some gallant knights or good men-at-arms were lurking there" (*Pict. Hist. of Eng.* ii. 264). Soldiers have always "sworn terribly," and not "in Flanders" alone. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 78. *Bearded like the pard* probably refers, as Furness suggests, to "the general shagginess characteristic of a true soldier on duty in the field, as distinguished from the trim nicety of a carpet knight."

151. *Sudden.* Impetuous, passionate. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 59 : "Sudden, malicious;" *Oth.* ii. 1. 279 : "rash and very sudden in choler," etc.

155. *Beard of formal cut.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 80 : "a beard of the general's cut," etc.

156. *Wise saws,* etc. Wise maxims and trite illustrations. For *modern*=commonplace, trivial, cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 170 : "a modern ecstasy;" *A. W.* ii. 3. 2 : "modern and familiar," etc. See also iv. 1. 7 below. For *instances*, cf. *Much Ado*, v. 2. 78 : "an old instance," etc.

158. *Pantaloon.* The word and character were borrowed from the Italian stage. Cf. Addison's *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy* : "There are four standing characters which enter into every piece that comes on the stage : the *Doctor*, *Harlequin*, *Pantalone*, and *Coviello* . . . *Pantalone* is generally an old Cully, and *Coviello* a Sharper." Capell quotes from *The Travels of three English Brothers*, 1607, a dialogue between an Italian Harlequin and Kemp, the actor :—

"*Harl.* Marry sir, first we will have an old Pantaloune.

Kemp. Some iealous Coxcombe.

Harl. Right, and that part will I play."

In Calot's plates illustrating the Italian comedy is one in which the ancient pantaloon wears slippers.

160. *Hose.* See on ii. 4. 6 above. *A world* was then as now a

common hyperbole. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 159 : "a world of sighs ;" *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 223 : "worlds of company ;" *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 211 : "all the world of wealth," etc.

163. *His.* For *its*, which was just coming into use in the time of S.

166. *Sans.* See on 32 above.

171. *Fall to.* Used by S. in other connections than of eating. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 51 : "fall to thy prayers ;" *J. C.* v. 3. 7 : "his soldiers fell to spoil," etc. See also v. 4. 179 below.

175. *Unkind.* Explained by some critics as = unnatural (cf. *Lear*, iii. 4. 73, 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 193, etc.), but it may have its ordinary sense.

178. *Because thou art not seen.* That is, "thy rudeness gives the less pain, as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult" (Johnson). Capell quotes *Lear*, iii. 2. 16-18 : "I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness," etc.

180. *Holly.* "Songs of the holly were current long before the time of S. It was the emblem of mirth" (Halliwell-Phillipps).

187. *The waters warp.* Either referring to the curving of the surface in freezing, or in a more general sense to the change undergone. *Warp* is elsewhere = change, distort, etc. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 365, *A. W.* v. 3. 49, *Lear*, iii. 6. 56, etc.

189. *As friend remember'd not.* "As what an unremembered friend feels" (Moberly).

193. *Effigies.* Effigy, likeness ; a trisyllable, with the accent on the second syllable.

194. *Limn'd.* Painted. Used by S. only here and in *V. and A.*

290. *Dislimn* (=efface) occurs in *A. and C.* iv. 14. 10.

ACT III

SCENE I. — 2. *The better part.* For the greater part. The preposition is often omitted in adverbial expressions of time, manner, etc.

3. *Argument*. See on i. 2. 280 above.
4. *Thou present*. You being present.
6. *Seek him with candle*. As Steevens remarks, alluding probably to *Luke*, xv. 8.
7. *Turn*. Return ; as in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 184 : "Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror," etc.
11. *Quit thee*. Clear or acquit thyself. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 166 : "God quit you in his mercy !"
16. *Of such a nature*. That is, whose duty it is.
17. *Make an extent*, etc. Put in an *extendi facias*, etc. Lord Campbell, in *Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*, quotes this passage as illustrating the poet's knowledge of law, the writ of *extendi facias* applying to houses and lands, as that of *fieri facias* to goods and chattels, and that of *capias ad satisfaciendum* to the person. Furness, however, shows that this process by *extent* could not legally be resorted to under the existing facts, because an extent could only be made after forfeiture or judgment.
18. *Expediently*. Expeditiously, quickly. So *expedient* = expeditious ; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 60 and *Rich. II.* i. 4. 39. *Turn him going* = send him packing ; as in *J. C.* iii. 3. 38.

SCENE II. — 2. *Thrice-crowned*. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 391 : "By the triple Hecate's team." Singer quotes from Chapman's *Hymnus in Cynthiam* a passage which may have been in Shakespeare's mind : —

"Nature's bright eye-sight, and the night's fair soul,
That with thy triple forehead dost control
Earth, seas, and hell."

4. *My full life doth sway*. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 118 : "doth sway my life."
6. *Character*. Write, inscribe. Cf. *Sonn.* 108. 1, *R. of L.* 807, *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 4, etc. S. accents the verb either on the first or second syllable ; the noun on the first, except in *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 81.
7. *That*. So that. See on i. 2. 127 above.

10. *Unexpressive*. Inexpressible. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 176: "the unexpressive nuptial song;" *Hymn on Nativ.* 116: "With unexpressive notes." Cf. also *insuppressive* = not to be suppressed (*J. C.* ii. 1. 134), *uncomprehensive* = unknown (*T. and C.* iii. 3. 198), *plausive* = plausible, specious (*A. W.* i. 2. 53), *respective* = respectable (*T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 200), etc. For *she* = woman, cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 259: "the cruellest she alive;" *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 83: "the only she;" *Cymb.* i. 6. 40: "two such shes," etc. See also *he* in 388 below.

15. *Naught*. Bad. See on i. 2. 64 above.

16. *Private*. Lonely, solitary. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 2. 15: "I left him private," etc.

21. *Hast*. Cf. 32 below: "Wast ever in court?"

30. *Of good breeding*. That is, of *the want of it*. See on ii. 4. 75 above.

40. *Good manners*. A play upon words, *manners* being used for *morals* as well as for habits or deportment. No such term as *morals* is found in the old dictionaries and authors.

43. *Parlous*. A vulgar corruption of *perilous*. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 14: "a parlous fear," etc.

47. *But you kiss*. Without kissing.

50. *Instance*. Proof. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 2. 42: "They will scarcely believe this without trial; offer them instances," etc.

51. *Still*. Continually; as in i. 2. 227, and often.

52. *Fells*. Fleeces. Cf. *Macb.* v. 5. 11: "my fell of hair;" *Lear*, v. 3. 24: "flesh and fell," etc.

54. *A mutton*. A sheep. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 101: "a lost mut-ton;" *M. of V.* i. 3. 168: "flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats," etc.

59. *More sounder*. Cf. "more worthier" (iii. 3. 58 below), "more elder" (*M. of V.* iv. 1. 251), "more better" (*Temp.* i. 2. 19), etc.

65. *Perpend*. Ponder, consider; a word used only by Pistol, Polonius, and the clowns. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 119, *Ham.* ii. 2. 105, etc.

70. *God make incision in thee!* "God give thee a better understanding, thou art very raw and simple as yet" (Heath). The reference is probably to bleeding as a method of cure. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 97.

71. On *raw* = green, inexperienced, cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 77, *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 42, etc.

73. *Owe no man hate.* Cf. *Romans*, xiii. 8: "Owe no man anything, but to love one another."

74. *Content with my harm.* "Patient in tribulation."

81. *Scape.* Not a contraction of *escape*. Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 14. 9: "had scaped shipwreck," etc.

84. *East.* Eastern. *Ind* is printed "Inde" in the folio, and the vowel is doubtless meant to be long; as in *L. L. L.* iv. 3, 222, where the word rhymes with *blind*.

88. *Lin'd.* Delineated, drawn.

91. *Fair.* Beauty; as often. Cf. *Sonn.* 16. 11: "Neither in inward worth nor outward fair," etc. Steevens quotes from Lodge's novel: —

"Then muse not, nymphes, though I bemone
The absence of fair Rosalynde,
Since for her fair there is fairer none," etc.

92. *Rhyme you.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 74: "they will learn you by rote where services were done;" *T. and C.* i. 2. 188: "he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April," etc.

94. *Butter-women's rank.* That is, their jog-trot one after another. For *right* = true, downright, cf. 116 and 272 below.

99. *If the cat,* etc. A common proverbial phrase. Cf. the *Enterlude of Jacob and Esau*, 1568: "Cat after kinde, saith the proverbe, swete milke wil lap;" Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: "cat after kinde will either hunt or scratch," etc.

109. *False gallop.* "Forced gait" (1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 135). S. uses *gallop* only in this expression, which occurs again in *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 94. Malone quotes Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593: "I would trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged verses, but

that if I should retort the rime doggrell aright, I must make my verses (as he doth his) run hobbling, like a brewer's cart upon the stones, and observe no measure in their feet."

113. *Graff*. Graft; which is a later form of the word. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 3: "of my own grafting," etc. See also *mis-graffed* in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 137. *Graft* occurs in *Cor.* ii. 1. 206: "grafted to your relish," etc.

114. *A medlar*. The fruit of the *Mespilus Germanica*, a tree still common in England. It was not considered fit to eat until it was overripe, or "rotten." There is here a play on *medlar* and *meddler*, as in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 307 fol. Steevens thought that calling the medlar *the earliest fruit* showed that S. had "little knowledge in gardening," as it is a very late fruit; but Rosalind says "for you'll be rotten *ere you be half ripe*."

123. *For*. Because. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 43: "I hate him for he is a Christian." In this passage if we put a comma before *for*, it still means *because*, but the connection is looser. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 27: —

"You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; "

that is, the fact that I have been guilty is no excuse for him. Put a comma after *offence* and the passage becomes nonsense.

125. *Civil sayings*. "Maxims of social life" (Johnson). For *civil* = civilized, see 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 66: —

"Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle; "

Cymb. iii. 6. 23: —

"Ho! who's here?
If anything that 's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend," etc.

127. *Erring*. Errant, wandering. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 362: "an erring barbarian" (= "extravagant and wheeling stranger" in *Id.*

i. i. 137); *Ham.* i. i. 154: "The extravagant and erring spirit," etc.

129. *Buckles in.* Girds in, includes. Cf. *Macb.* v. 2. 15 and *T. and C.* ii. 2. 30.

133. *Sentence end.* The possessive inflection was often omitted in dissyllables ending with a sibilant, and sometimes before *sake*, as in 253 below.

136. *Quintessence.* The fifth or highest essence of the alchemists; and hence, figuratively, the concentrated virtue of anything. S. uses the word only here and in *Ham.* ii. 2. 321.

137. *In little.* In miniature. Cf. *L. C.* 90: "in little drawn."

140. *Wide-enlarg'd.* "Spread through the world" (Schmidt). Cf. *Temp.* iii. i. 46: —

"but you, O you,

So perfect and so peerless, are created

Of every creature's best!"

142. *Helen's cheek.* Cf. *Sonn.* 53. 7: "On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set."

144. *Atalanta's better part.* What this means has been much disputed. Whiter (who has nineteen octavo pages on the passage) remarks: "The imagery selected to discriminate the perfections of Helen, Cleopatra, Atalanta, and Lucretia was not derived from the abstract consideration of their general qualities, but was caught from those peculiar traits of beauty and character which are impressed on the mind of him who contemplates their portraits. It is well known that these celebrated heroines of romance were, in the days of our Poet, the favourite subjects of popular representation, and were alike visible in the coarse hangings of the poor and the magnificent arras of the rich. In the portraits of Helen, whether they were produced by the skilful artist or his ruder imitator, though her face would certainly be delineated as eminently beautiful, yet she appears not to have been adorned with any of those charms which are allied to *modesty*. . . . With respect to the 'majesty' of Cleopatra, it may be observed that this notion is not derived from

classical authority, but from the more popular storehouse of legend and romance. . . . Since the story of Atalanta represents that heroine as possessed of singular beauty, zealous to preserve her virginity even with the death of her lovers, and accomplishing her purposes by extraordinary swiftness in running, we may be assured that the skill of the artist would be employed in displaying the most perfect expressions of virgin purity, and in delineating the fine proportions and elegant symmetry of her person. Lucretia (we know) was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the Gothic ages; and it is this spirit of unshaken chastity which is here celebrated under the title of 'modesty.' Such, then, are the wishes of the lover in the formation of his mistress—that the ripe and brilliant *beauties* of Helen should be united to the elegant *symmetry* and virgin *graces* of Atalanta; and that this union of charms should be still dignified and ennobled by the *majestic mien* of Cleopatra, and the *matron modesty* of Lucretia."

147. *Heavenly synod*. S. has *synod* in six passages, and in all but one it refers to an assembly of the gods. See *Cor.* v. 2. 74, *Ham.* ii. 2. 516, *A. and C.* iii. 10. 5, and *Cymb.* v. 4. 89.

149. *Touches*. Traits, features. Cf. v. 4. 27 below.

151. *And I to live*. Cf. v. 4. 22 below.

152. *Jupiter*. The folio reading. Spedding suggested "pul-piter," which is plausible; but S. does not use the word elsewhere, nor *pulpit* (= rostra) except in *J. C.* Cf. Rosalind's "O Jupiter!" in ii. 4. 1.

159. *Scrip*. The shepherd's pouch. Cf. I *Samuel*, xvii. 40, etc. S. has the word only here and in *M. N. D.* i. 2. 3, where it means list.

170. *Should*. Sometimes used to denote a statement not made by the speaker; but it may possibly depend on *wondering* rather than on *hear*.

172. *The nine days*. The proverbial nine that a wonder is supposed to last. Cf. 3 *Hen.* VI. iii. 2. 113:—

"*Gloucester*. That would be ten days' wonder at the least,
Clarence. That 's a day longer than a wonder lasts,"

174. *A palm-tree*. From Lodge's novel. See on i. i. 113 above. *Pythagoras' time*. Moberly remarks that "the opinions of this philosopher are wittily explained in *T. N.* (iv. 2. 54-60), and forcibly in *M. of V.* (iv. i. 131)."

175. *An Irish rat*. Cf. Jonson, *Poetaster* :—

"Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats,
In drumming tunes ;"

Sidney, *Defence of Poesie* : "Though I will not wish vnto you, the Asses ears of Midas, nor to bee driuen by a Poets verses, (as Bubonax was) to hang himselfe, nor to be rimed to death, as is sayd to be doone in Ireland, yet thus much curse I must send you ;" and Randolph, *The Jealous Lovers*, v. 2 :—

"Shall with a satire, steep'd in gall and vinegar,
Ryme 'em to death, as they do rats in Ireland."

Wright remarks that the supposed effect of music upon these animals will be remembered by those who have read Browning's *Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

177. *Trow you*. Know you. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 165 : "Trow you whither I am going ?" etc.

179. *And a chain*, etc. Cf. i. 2. 247.

182. *For friends*, etc. Cf. Ray, *Eng. Proverbs* : "Friends may meet, but mountains never greet ;" *Three Lordes of London*, 1590 : "I'll tell thee why we meet; because we are no mountains;" and Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594 : "Then we two met, which argued that we were no mountains."

187. *Petitionary*. The word occurs again in *Cor.* v. 2. 82 : "thy petitionary countrymen."

191. *Out of all whooping*. Beyond all exclamations of wonder.

192. *Good my complexion!* "Let me not blush;" as good an explanation as any other of the many that have been suggested. Cf. 180 above.

193. *Caparisoned*. Used jestingly, as in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 67.

195. *A South Sea of discovery.* That is, "to be searched for discovery;" the least delay is as bad as a voyage of discovery.

201. *Is he of God's making?* Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 59: "You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee."

205. *Let me stay*, etc. Tell me who he is, and I'll wait for the growth of his beard. For *stay* = wait for, cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 2. 13, *Rich. II.* i. 3. 4, *Macb.* iv. 3. 142, etc.

209. *Speak sad brow*, etc. Speak seriously, as you are a true maid. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 185: "Speak you this with a sad brow?" and for the construction, *Hen. V.* v. 2. 156: "I speak to thee plain soldier;" *K. John*, ii. 1. 462: "He speaks plain cannon fire," etc. See also 272 below.

216. *Wherein went he?* How was he dressed? Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 151: "went never gay;" *Lear*, ii. 4. 27: "to go warm," etc.

217. *Makes.* Does. See on i. 1. 28 above.

218. *With.* Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 2: "parted with the king," etc. Gr. 194. We have "parted from" in iv. 3. 98 below.

221. *Gargantua's mouth.* Gargantua was the giant in Rabelais who swallowed five pilgrims at a gulp. Steevens quotes from the Registers of the Stationers' Company two items, showing that in 1592 [April 6] was entered "Gargantua his prophesie," and in 1594 [Dec. 4] "A booke entituled, the historie of Gargantua &c."

223. *To say ay and no*, etc. To answer your questions even briefly, etc.

226. *Looks he as freshly.* See on i. 2. 153 and ii. 6. 13 above.

228. *Atomies.* Atoms, motes. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 4. 57 and 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 33. Cf. Milton, *Il Pens.* 7:—

"As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sunbeams."

Resolve = solve, answer; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 135, etc.

230. *Observance.* Observation, attention. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 151: "scattering and unsure observance," etc.

232. *Jove's tree*. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 14: "Jove's spreading tree." The oak was sacred to Jupiter.

236. *Stretched along*. See on ii. 1. 30 above.

239. *The ground*. The background of the picture, as Caldecott explains it; though it may have its ordinary meaning.

240. *Holla*. Used in checking horses. Cf. *V. and A.* 284:—

"What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say?'"

241. On *curvets*, cf. *V. and A.* 279: "rears upright, curvets, and leaps." The noun is accented on the last syllable, in *A. W.* ii. 3. 299: "the bound and high curvet Of Mars's fiery steed." *Furnished* = dressed, equipped. Cf. *epil.* 9 below; also 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 21: "furnish'd like the king," etc.

243. *Heart*. There is a play on the word; as in *T. N.* iv. 1. 63, *J. C.* iii. 1. 208, *V. and A.* 502, etc.

244. *Burden*. According to Chappell, the *burden* of a song was "the *base*, *foot*, or *under-song*," which was sung throughout, and not merely at the end of the verse." The *Century Dict.* gives "the bass in music" as the first meaning of the word.

245. *Bringest me out*. Put me out; as in 248 below. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 171: "that brings me out."

250. *By*. Aside. So "walk by" = step aside, in *Oth.* v. 2. 30; "stand by" = stand aside, stand back, in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 24, *T. of S.* i. 2. 143, etc.

252. *Had as lief have been*. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 84, and see on i. 1. 143 above. *Myself alone* = by myself; an expression, as we are told, still used in Scotland.

253. *Fashion sake*. See on 133 above.

255. *God be wi' you*. "God buy you" in the folio; as in iv. 1. 29 and v. 3. 40 below, and many other passages. Our *good-bye* is from the same phrase.

260. *Moe*. More; the folio reading here, as in forty or more other passages, though we find "more" in 258 just above. The

form is required by the rhyme in *R. of L.* 1479 and *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 72. It is regularly used only with the plural. In the one apparent exception in the folio (*Temp.* v. i. 234: "mo diversitie of sounds") the expression is virtually a plural.

263. *Just.* Just so; as in *M. for M.* iii. i. 68, *Much Ado*, ii. i. 29, v. i. 164, *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 158, etc.

271. *Conned.* Learned by heart; as in *M. N. D.* i. 2. 102, *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 79, etc. *Out of rings* alludes to the "posies" or mottoes inscribed on rings. Cf. *M. of V.* v. i. 148, 151, and *Ham.* iii. 2. 162.

272. *I answer you right painted cloth.* For the construction, see on 209 above. *Painted cloth* alludes to the tapestry hangings for rooms, which were ornamented with figures and mottoes. Cf. *R. of L.* 245, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 579, 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 28, and *T. and C.* v. 10. 47. Steevens quotes Randolph, *The Muse's Looking-glass*, iii. 1:—

"Then for the painting, I bethink myself
That I have seen in Mother Redcap's hall,
In painted cloth, the story of the Prodigal."

See also *No Whipping nor Tripping*, 1601:—

"Read what is written on the painted cloth:
Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor;
Beware the mouse, the maggot and the moth,
And ever have an eye unto the door," etc.

278. *No breather.* Cf. *Sonn.* 81. 12: "all the breathers of this world;" and *A. and C.* iii. 3. 24: "a body rather than a life, A statue than a breather."

283. *By my troth.* See on i. 2. 88 above.

301. *Sighing every minute*, etc. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 5. 50-58.

306. *Who.* For *whom*, as often. See on i. 2. 17 above.

312. *A se'nnight.* A week. Cf. *fortnight* = fourteen nights.

314. *Year.* Cf. *Sonn.* 11. 8: "threescore year;" *Temp.* i. 2.

53: "Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since," etc. Similarly we find *pound, shilling, mile*, etc., in the plural.

333. *Fringe*. Fairholt, in his *Costumes*, gives representations of petticoat fringes from portraits of the Elizabethan age.

334. *Native*. Cf. *Ham.* i. 4. 14 and iv. 7. 180. S. has *native* as a noun (= source) only in *Cor.* iii. 1. 129: "the native of our so frank donation;" where some critics would read "motive."

335. *Cony*. Rabbit. Cf. *V. and A.* 687 and *Cor.* iv. 5. 226. *Kindled* = littered, born; still used of hares and rabbits in some provincial dialects. Furness says it is in common use in this country, as applied to rabbits.

338. *Purchase*. Get, gain. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 43: "purchased by the merit of the wearer;" *Rich. II.* i. 3. 282: "I sent thee forth to purchase honour," etc. *Removed* = retired. Cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 116: "that removed house;" *M. for M.* i. 3. 8: "the life removed," etc. See also Milton, *Il Pens.* 78: "Some still removed place."

339. *Of*. By. Cf. i. 1. 110, 163, etc.

340. *Religious uncle*. That is, a monk or hermit. Cf. v. 4. 160, 181 below. So in *Rich. II.* v. 1. 23, "religious house" = convent.

341. *Courtship*. Court life; with a play on the other sense. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 3. 34. For *inland*, see on ii. 7. 96 above.

345. *Taxed*. Charged. See on i. 2. 85 above.

358. *Fancy-monger*. Love-monger. See on *fantasy*, ii. 4. 31 above.

360. *Quotidian*. A fever with daily paroxysms. Cf. Lyly's *Euphues*: "if euer she haue ben taken with the feuer of fancie, she will help his ague, who by a quotidian fit is conuerted into phrensie." See also *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 124: "He is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold."

363. *There is none*. The singular verb is often thus used before a plural subject.

365. *Cage of rushes*. That is, weak bondage.

367. *A blue eye.* That is, with blue circles about it. Cf. *R. of L.* 1587: —
 “And round about her tear-distained eye,
 Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.”

So in “blue-eyed hag,” in *Temp.* i. 2. 270. *Unquestionable* = disinclined to question or conversation. Cf. *questionable* in *Ham.* i. 4. 43. For *question* = talk, conversation, see iii. 4. 35 and v. 4. 161 below.

371. *Simply.* Indeed, absolutely. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 2. 9: “he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens;” *Hen.* V. iii. 7. 105: “He is simply the most active gentleman of France,” etc. *Having* = property, possession. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 2. 73: “the gentleman is of no having;” *Cymb.* i. 2. 19: “he added to your having,” etc.

372. *Ungartered.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 79 and *Ham.* ii. 1. 80.

373. *Bonnet* = hat; as elsewhere in S. Cf. *V. and A.* 339: “his bonnet” (called “his hat” in 351 just below), etc. On the whole passage, cf. Heywood’s *Fair Maid of the Exchange*: —

“No by my troth, if every tale of love,
 Or love it selfe, or foole-bewitching beauty,
 Make me crosse-arme my selfe; study ay-mees;
 Defie my hat-band; tread beneath my feet
 Shoo-strings and garters; practise in my glasse
 Distressed lookes, and dry my liver up
 With sighes enough to win an argosie.”

376. *Point-device.* Affectedly nice. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 21 and *T. N.* ii. 5. 176.

384. *In good sooth.* In very truth. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 1 = “In sooth,” etc.

388. *He.* See on 10 above.

394. *A dark house,* etc. The usual treatment of lunatics until a very recent date. Dr. Brown, a high medical authority of a hundred years ago, seriously maintained that “the patient ought to be struck with fear and terror, and driven in his state of insanity

to despair; as a remedy against over-muscular excitement the labour of draught cattle should be imposed on him; the diet should be the poorest possible, and his drink only water." Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 148, v. 1. 350, *C. of E.* iv. 4. 97, etc.

403. *Moonish*. Changeable, variable; used by S. only here. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 2. 109 fol.

410. *Drave*. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 190, *R. and J.* i. 1. 127, etc. S. also uses *drove* for the past tense (*M. W.* v. 5. 131, etc.), and *driven* and *droven* (*A. and C.* iv. 7. 5) for the participle.

411. *Living*. Real, as opposed to *mad*. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 409: "a living reason."

413. *Merely*. Absolutely. Cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 59: "we are merely cheated of our lives," etc.

414. *Liver*. Considered the seat of love. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 56, *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 233, etc. See also *liver-vein* in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 74. The simile, as Steevens remarks, is in keeping with Rosalind's assumed character of a shepherd.

SCENE III.—1. *Audrey*. A contraction of *Etheldreda*. The word *tawdry* is a corruption of *Saint Audrey*.

3. *Feature*. Shape, personal appearance (Schmidt). Cf. *Sonn.* 113. 12, *Temp.* iii. 1. 52, etc. Some take it to be = "facture" (or *making* in the early English sense of composition, verses), as Mr. W. Wilkins explains it; but this is doubtful. Audrey somehow misunderstands the word, and this involves a joke, but what the joke can be seems past finding out. Furness, after devoting almost three pages of fine print to it, gives it up as inexplicable.

7. *Goats*. There is a play on this word and *Goths*, which seems to have had the same pronunciation. So, as Grant White has shown, with *moth* and *mote*, *nothing* and *noting*, etc. Caldecott remarks that in our early printing *Goths* and *Gothic* were spelled *Gotes* and *Gottishe*. He quotes Thomas, *Hist. of Italye*, 1561: "against the gotes" (that is, Goths). *Capricious* is apparently used here on account of its derivation (Latin *caper*, goat).

10. *Ill-inhabited*. Ill-housed. For the allusion to the story of Philemon and Baucis, cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 99.

15. *A great reckoning*, etc. A large bill for a small company or a mean entertainment.

21. *May be said*. M. Mason wished to read "it may be said ;" but it is more likely a "confusion of construction" for "may be said to be feigned."

26. *Honest*. Chaste ; as in i. 2. 38. Cf. *dishonest* in v. 3. 4 below.

29. *Hard-favoured*. Ill-favoured (cf. i. 2. 39 above), ugly. Cf. *V. and A.* 133 : "Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old ;" *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 8 : "Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd age," etc.

32. *Material*. "Full of matter" (ii. 1. 68), sensible.

36. *Foul*. Plain, ugly ; as in the passage from *V. and A.* just quoted, and in iii. 5. 62 below.

49. *Stagger*. Waver, hesitate ; as in *M. W.* iii. 3. 12, etc.

51. *What though?* What of it ? Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 286, *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 9, etc.

52. *Necessary*. Unavoidable ; as in *J. C.* ii. 2. 36, etc.

57. *Rascal*. A lean or worthless deer. Puttenham, in his *English Poesie*, says : "raskall is properly the hunter's terme given to young deere, leane and out of season." For a play on the word, see *Cor.* i. 11. 63, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 45, v. 4. 34, etc.

58. *More worthier*. See on iii. 2. 59 above.

61. *By how much*, etc. See on v. 2. 44 below.

63. *Sir*. "The style of a priest, answering to *dominus*."

68. *On gift of any man*. The idea seems to be that what is given away is not worth having.

75. *God 'ield you*. God yield you, reward you. Cf. v. 4. 54 below. The full form ("the gods yield you for 't!") occurs in *A. and C.* iv. 2. 33.

79. *Bow*. English editors explain *ox-bow* as a provincialism, but it is in common use in New England.

80. *Falcon*. The female bird, the male bird being called *tercel* or *tassel* (cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 56 and *R. and J.* ii. 2. 160). *Falcon*

is masculine in *R. of L.* 506, but this is because it is applied metaphorically to Tarquin. On the *bells*, cf. *R. of L.* 511 and 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 47.

90. *But I were better.* That it were not better for me. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 245, *T. N.* i. 2. 27, etc. The construction was originally impersonal (= to me it were better), like *if I please*, etc. See on i. 1. 90 above.

98. *O sweet Oliver.* A quotation from a ballad of the time.

102. *Wind.* Steevens notes that *wind* = *wend* in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607: "Winde we then, Anthony, with this royal queen," etc.

106. *Flout.* Mock, jeer; as in i. 2. 45 above, etc. For *calling*, see on i. 2. 234 above.

SCENE IV. — 9. *Than Judas's.* It was a current opinion that Judas had red hair and beard, and he was commonly so represented in the paintings and tapestries of the time. Cf. Marston, *Insatiate Countess*, 1613: "I ever thought by his red beard he would prove a Judas;" Middleton, *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, 1620: "Sure that was Judas with the red beard," etc.

12. *Your chestnut.* A common colloquial use of *your*. Cf. v. 4. 61 below; also *M. N. D.* i. 2. 95, iii. 1. 33, iv. 1. 36, etc.

15. *Holy bread.* Sacramental bread.

16. *Cast.* Cast off, discarded. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 23: "casted slough;" *Hen. VIII.* i. 3. 48: "your colt's tooth is not cast yet," etc. For the allusion to *Diana*, cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 58, *T. of A.* iv. 3. 387, *Cor.* v. 3. 65, etc.

17. *Winter's sisterhood.* That is, "an unfruitful sisterhood." Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 72: —

"To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon."

23. *Pick-purse.* Pickpocket; as in *M. W.* i. 1. 163, *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 208, etc.

24. *Verity*. Faith, honesty; as in *Macb.* iv. 3. 92: "justice, verity, temperance."

25. *A covered goblet*. More hollow because the cover is on only when the cup is empty.

31. *The word of a tapster*. Who would cheat in his reckoning. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 2. 42: "I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster;" *T. and C.* i. 2. 123: "a tapster's arithmetic," etc.

35. *Question*. Talk, conversation. Cf. v. 4. 161 below; also *W. T.* iv. 2. 55, etc. See on iii. 2. 368 above.

37. *What*. For what, why. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 123: "What need we any spur," etc.

39. *A brave man!* A fine fellow! Cf. for the irony *Temp.* iii. 2. 12: "He were a brave monster indeed," etc. See on *bravery*, ii. 7. 80 above.

41. *Traverse*. Crosswise; that is, clumsily. It was thought disgraceful to break a lance across the body of an adversary, and not by a direct thrust. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 139: "give him another staff; this last was broke cross."

42. *Lover* is feminine, as in *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 116, *Cymb.* v. 5. 172, etc. In *A Lover's Complaint* the lover is a woman. *Puisny* = puny (which is the same word), inferior.

43. *A noble goose*. The adjective is obviously ironical.

47. *Of love*. That is, of the want of it (Schmidt). See on ii. 3. 12 above, and cf. iii. 2. 30.

48. *Who*. See on iii. 2. 306.

51. *Pageant*. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 114: "Shall we their fond pageant see?" In S. the word always means a theatrical performance, literal or figurative.

52. *Pale complexion*. Perhaps alluding to the popular belief that the heart lost a drop of blood with every sigh. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 96: —

"All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love that costs the fresh blood dear," etc.

SCENE V. — 5. *Falls*. For the transitive use cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 296, v. 1. 64, *J. C.* iv. 2. 26, etc.

6. *But first begs*. Without first begging. See on iii. 2. 47 above.

7. *Dies and lives*. Lives and dies, gets his whole livelihood. Mr. Arrowsmith (*Notes and Queries*, 1st series, vii. 542) compares *Romaunt of the Rose*, 5790: —

“ With sorrow they both die and live
That unto riches her hertes geve ; ”

and Barclay, *Ship of Fooles*, 1570: —

“ He is a foole, and so shall he dye and liue,
That thinketh him wise, and yet can he nothing.”

11. *Sure*. Surely. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 388, ii. 1. 315, etc.

12. *Frail'st*. This contraction of superlatives is common in S. Cf. “civil'st” (2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 66), “kind'st” (*Macb.* ii. 1. 24), “stern'st” (*Id.* ii. 2. 4), “secret'st” (*Id.* iii. 4. 126), etc.

23. *Cicatrice*. Mark, impression. *Capable* is apparently = sensible. Cf. Greene, *Orpharion*, 1599: “conducted into the great hall of the gods, Mercury sprinkled me with water, and made me capable of their divine presence.” See also *Ham.* iv. 7. 179, where “incapable of her own distress” = insensible, etc. For *impressure*, cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 103: “Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal;” and *T. and C.* iv. 5. 131: “my sword had not impressure made.”

24. *Some moment*. Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 257: “some minute ere the time,” etc. We can even now say “some half an hour” (*L. L. L.* v. 2. 90), “some month or two” (*M. of V.* iii. 2. 9), etc. It is doubtful, indeed, whether there is any Shakespearian use of the word which might not be allowed now.

26. *Nor . . . no*. Cf. i. 2. 18 above.

29. *Fancy*. Love. See on iii. 2. 358 above.

36. *And all at once*. “All in a breath” (Steevens).

37. *No beauty*. It would seem to be clear enough from the con-

text that Rosalind is bantering Phebe, but the negative has troubled some of the editors. Cf. 66 below: "He's fallen in love with your foulness;" that is, your lack of beauty. Cf. *foul* in iii. 3. 36 and in 62 below.

39. *Dark*. In the dark. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 1. 104: "I'll keep him dark," etc. The passage means, "without exciting any particular desire for light to see it by" (Moberly).

43. *Sale-work*. "Ready-made," as we say, in distinction from "custom work" or that done to order. *Od's my little life* is a petty oath. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 2. 72: "God's my life!" See also "Od's my will!" in iv. 3. 17 below; "Od's me!" in *M. W.* i. 4. 64, etc.

47. *Bugle*. Black like "bugles," as beads of black glass are still called.

48. *Entame*. Tame, subdued; used by S. only here. For *tame* = subdued, see *Much Ado*, v. 1. 210, *T. of S.* ii. 1. 278, iv. 1. 213, iv. 2. 53, 58, etc.

50. *Foggy south*. For the south wind as bringing fog and rain, cf. *R. and J.* i. 4. 103, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 392, *Cor.* ii. 3. 32, *Cymb.* ii. 3. 136, iv. 2. 349, etc.

51. *Properer*. Handsomer. See on i. 2. 121, and cf. 55 and 114 below.

53. *Makes*. The relative sometimes takes a singular verb, though the antecedent is plural; but here we may regard the preceding idea ("the fact that there are such fools as you") as the subject.

59. *Friendly*. As a friend. For the adverbial use, cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 141, iv. 2. 107, *Cor.* iv. 6. 9, *A. and C.* ii. 6. 47, etc.

60. *You are not*, etc. We might use this expression, but not "This sky is not to walk in" (*J. C.* i. 3. 39), "He is not for your lordship's respect" (*A. W.* iii. 6. 109), etc.

61. *Cry the man mercy*. That is, beg his pardon. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 5. 27, *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 182, etc.

62. *Foul is most foul*, etc. "There is no ugliness like that which goes with scoffing." See on iii. 3. 36 above.

66. *He's fallen in love*, etc. If the text is right, the first clause must be addressed to Phebe, and what follows to Silvius.

68. *Sauce*. Cf. our vulgarism of "sassing" a person. From meaning to give zest or piquancy to language, the word came to be used ironically in the sense of making it hot and sharp; or, in other words, from meaning to *spice* it came to mean to *pepper*. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 3. 11: "I'll sauce them."

73. *If you will know*, etc. Probably addressed to Silvius.

76. *Look on him better*. Think better of him, regard him more favourably.

78. *Abus'd*. Deceived. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 2. 100: "Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused," etc.

80. *Dead shepherd*, etc. See introduction, p. 10 above. Marlowe was killed in a quarrel in 1593. For *saw*, cf. ii. 7. 156 above. *Of might* = forcibly true.

88. *Extermin'd*. Used by S. only here. Its equivalent, *exterminate*, he does not use at all.

89. *Thou hast my love*, etc. Possibly there is an allusion to the Scriptural injunction, "thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

93. *Since that*. See on i. 3. 48 above.

94. *Irksome*. See on ii. 1. 22 above.

99. *Grace*. Either favour, regard (as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 31, *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 60, etc.), or fortune, happiness (as in *M. for M.* i. 4. 69, *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 89, etc.).

102. *Loose*. Let fall. Cf. *Ruth*, ii. 16.

104. *Erewhile*. See on ii. 4. 89 above.

106. *Bounds*. See on ii. 4. 83 above.

107. *Carlot*. Peasant; from *carl* (see *Cymb.* v. 2. 4), which has the same meaning.

109. *Peevish*. Silly, as often; though here it may have the more familiar sense.

112. *It is*. See on i. 1. 139 above.

120. *Lusty*. Lively, fresh. Cf. *Sonn.* 5. 7, *Temp.* ii. 1. 52, etc.

122. *Constant*. Uniform; as opposed to the *mingled damask*,

or red and white. Cf. *Sonn.* 130. 5: "roses damask'd, red and white."

124. *In parcels.* Piecemeal. Cf. "by parcels" in *Oth.* i. 3. 154. *Would have gone near to fall* = would have come near falling. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 78, *Much Ado*, iv. 2. 24, etc.

128. *What had he to do*, etc. What right had he, etc. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 3. 164: "What have you to do (what is it to you) whither they bear it?" The phrase is used absolutely in *T. of S.* i. 2. 226 and iii. 2. 218.

130. *I am remember'd.* I recollect. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 110, 114, *T. of S.* iv. 3. 96, *Rich. III.* ii. 4. 23, etc.

132. *Omittance is no quittance.* Doubtless a proverbial expression.

135. *Straight.* Straightway, immediately. Cf. *Ledr.* i. 3. 25: "I'll write straight to my sister," etc. See also ii. 1. 69 above.

137. *Passing.* Exceedingly; as often. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 20, *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 42, etc. It is occasionally an adjective; as in *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 17: "a passing shame;" 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 106: "O passing traitor!" etc.

ACT IV

SCENE I. — 4. *I do love it*, etc. Cf. what Johnson says to Boswell: "You are always complaining of melancholy, and I conclude from those complaints that you are fond of it. Do not pretend to deny it: *manifestum habemus furem*. Make it an invariable and obligatory law on yourself never to mention your own mental diseases. If you are never to speak of them, you will think of them but little; and if you think little of them, they will molest you rarely."

5. *In extremity of either.* Extremely given to either. Cf. iv. 3. 23 below.

7. *Modern censure.* Ordinary judgment. See on ii. 7. 156 above. For *censure*, cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 37: "In my just censure, in my true opinion;" *Rich. III.* ii. 2. 144: "To give your censures in this weighty business," etc. So the verb = judge in *J. C.* iii. 2. 16, *Cor.* ii. 1. 25, etc.

Worse than drunkards. "For both alike are as incapable of action as drunkards, and their state is more permanent" (Moberly).

9. *Good to be a post.* "I remember that I was once at the house of a lady for whom I have a high respect. When the company were gone I said to her, 'What foolish talking have we had!' 'Yes,' said she, 'but while they talked you said nothing.' I was struck with the reproof. How much better is the man who does anything that is innocent than he who does nothing!" (Johnson).

14. *Politic.* That is, arising from "professionally assumed or half real sympathy with his client." *Nice* = affected, squeamish. Cf. Heywood, *Proverbs*: "As nice as a nunnes hen."

16. *Simples.* The ingredients of a compound, especially of herbs and medicines. Cf. *R. of L.* 530, *R. and J.* v. 1. 40, *Ham.* iv. 7. 145, etc.

18. *My often rumination.* The only instance of the adjective in S.; but *oft* is similarly used in *Sonn.* 14. 8: "By oft predict that I in heaven find."

19. *Humorous.* Fanciful. Cf. its use in i. 2. 267 and ii. 3. 8.

20. *A traveller!* S. elsewhere ridicules the affectations of travellers; as in *K. John* i. 1. 189 fol., *M. of V.* i. 2. 79 fol., *Hen. VIII.* i. 3. 30, etc.

29. *God be wi' you.* See on iii. 2. 255 above.

32. *Disable* = disparage; as in v. 4. 76 below. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 30 and I *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 67.

34. *That countenance.* Of that countenance, or national physiognomy.

35. *Swam.* The folio has "swom" for the participle in *Temp.* ii. 2. 133, and for the past tense in *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 26.

36. *Gondola* is spelt "Gundello" in the folio, and the word is

still pronounced "gundalow" in New England seaports. Johnson explains the passage, "That is, been at Venice, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion."

45. *Clapp'd him o' the shoulder.* Arrested him (cf. *Cymb.* v. 3. 78); or, perhaps, in a friendly or approving way. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 261, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 107, etc.

49. *Of.* By. Cf. iii. 2. 339 above.

57. *Beholding.* Beholden. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 2. 70, etc.

63. *Leer.* Look. There seems to be a touch of sarcasm in the word, though in early English it meant simply face, aspect.

69. *You were better.* See on iii. 3. 90 above.

70. *Gravelled.* Stuck in the sand, brought to a standstill. Cotgrave (*Fr. Dict.*) defines *assablé* as "gravelled; filled with sand; also, stucke in, or run on, the sand" (the *run on* evidently referring to a ship that has run aground).

72. *Out.* At a loss for words. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 152, 165; *Cor.* v. 3. 41, etc. See also iii. 2. 248 above.

God warn us! God forbid! Some have thought it a corruption of "God ward (that is, guard) us!" Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 254.

80. *Ranker.* Greater. For the figure, cf. ii. 7. 46 above.

82. *Suit.* For the quibble, cf. ii. 7. 44 above.

92. *Was not.* Has not been. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 58: "I was not angry since I came to France," etc.

93. *Troilus*, etc. Rosalind is inclined to burlesque the story of his death; as in the reference to Leander's "cramp."

100. *Chroniclers.* Rosalind sportively compares the chroniclers to a coroner's jury.

125. *Go to.* Come; a common phrase of exhortation or reproof. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 297, etc. See also *Genesis*, xi. 4.

133. *Commission.* Warrant, authority to perform the rite.

135. *Goes before the priest.* That is, does not wait for him to dictate the words.

142. *April*. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 93: —

“A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,” etc.

Elsewhere the metaphor is drawn from the rainy April; as in *A.* and *C.* iii. 2. 43: “The April’s in her eyes,” etc.

143. *May*. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 102: “Love, whose month is ever May,” etc.

145. *A Barbary cock-pigeon*. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 108: “a Barbary hen.”

146. *Against*. Before, in expectation of; as in *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 28, etc.

147. For *new-fangled*, cf. *Sonn.* 91. 3 and *L. L. L.* i. 1. 106. *Fangled* = given to finery, occurs in *Cymb.* v. 4. 134. Nares gives examples of *fangle* = trifle or toy, from Gayton, *Fest. Notes* (“What fangle now thy thronged guests to winne?”) and Wood, *Athenæ* (“a hatred to fangles and the French fooleries of his time”); and Todd (Johnson’s *Dict.*) adds from Greene, *Mamillia*: “There was no feather, no fangle, jem, nor jewel.”

149. *Diana in the fountain*. Malone thought this an allusion to the cross in Cheapside, the religious images of which were defaced in 1596. According to Stow (*Survey of London*, 1603), there was then “set up on the east side of the cross . . . a curiously wrought tabernacle of grey marble, and in the same an alabaster image of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her naked breast, but now decayed.” It is doubtful, however, whether S. had this Diana in mind. Statues of the goddess were a frequent ornament of fountains, as we learn from writers of the time.

150. *A hyen*. That is, a hyena. S. mentions the animal only here. Its bark was supposed to resemble a loud laugh. Steevens quotes *The Cobbler’s Prophecy*, 1594: “You laugh hyena-like, weep like a crocodile.”

156. *Make the doors*. Shut the doors. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 1. 93:

"The doors are made against you." It is said that the expression is still used in Yorkshire and Leicestershire.

158. *'T will out.* For the ellipsis, cf. i. 2. 215.

161. *Wit, whither wilt?* A proverbial expression, of which Steevens and others quote many examples. It seems to mean "What will your wit lead you to?" and was used to check one who was talking nonsense or talking too much. Cf. i. 2. 54 above.

168. *Without her answer.* Tyrwhitt quotes Chaucer, *C. T.* 10141: —

"Now by my modre Ceres soule I swere,
That I shall yeve hire suffisant answer,
And alle women after for hire sake;
That though they ben in any gilt ytake,
With face bold they shul hemselve excuse,
And bere hem down that wolden hem accuse.
For lacke of answer, non of us shall dien.
Al had ye seen a thing with bothe youre eyen,
Yet shul we so visage it hardely,
And wepe and swere, and chiden subtilly,
That ye shul ben as lewed as ben gees."

170. *Her husband's occasion.* That is, "caused by him;" or possibly "an occasion against him, or for taking advantage of him."

175. *Lack.* Be without, do without. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 84: "Your noble friends do lack you," etc.

189. *Pathetical.* Perhaps meant to be a somewhat affected word. S. puts it elsewhere only into the mouths of Armado (*L. L. L.* i. 2. 103) and Costard (*Id.* iv. 1. 150). Cotgrave, however, uses it to translate the Fr. *pathétique*. It is also found in Lodge's novel, in Florio's *Montaigne*, Greene's *Never too Late*, etc. For *hollow* cf. *concave* in iii. 4. 25 above.

195. *The old justice.* Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 225: "that old common arbitrator, Time."

197. *Simply misused.* Absolutely abused. See on iii. 2. 371 above; and cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 246, etc.

198. *We must have*, etc. Cf. Lodge's novel: "And I pray you, quoth Aliena, if your robes were off, what mettall are you made of that you are so satyirical against women? is it not a foule bird defiles his own nest?"

204. *The bay of Portugal*. Wright observes: "In a letter to the Lord Treasurer and Lord High Admiral, Raleigh gives an account of the capture of a ship of Bayonne by his man Captain Floyer in 'the Bay of Portugal' (Edwards, *Life of Raleigh*, ii. 56). This is the only instance in which I have met with the phrase, which is not recognized, so far as I am aware, in maps and treatises on geography. It is, however, I am informed, still used by sailors to denote that portion of the sea off the coast of Portugal from Oporto to the headland of Cintra. The water there is excessively deep, and within a distance of forty miles from the shore it attains a depth of upwards of 1400 fathoms, which in Shakespeare's time would be practically unfathomable."

208. *Thought*. Probably here, as Schmidt makes it, = love; as in *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 69, *T. N.* ii. 4. 115, etc. *Spleen* = caprice; or "any sudden impulse or fit beyond the control of reason." Cf. *T. of S.* iii. 2. 10: "A mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;" etc. It is used figuratively in this sense in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 146:—

"Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth," etc.

209. *Abuses*. Deceives. See on iii. 5. 78 above.

212. *Shadow*. Shade, shady spot. Cf. *V. and A.* 191, *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 25, etc.

SCENE II. — 11. *His leather skin*, etc. Cf. Lodge's novel: "What news, forrester? hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse; thy fees was but the skinne, the shoulder, and the horns."

12. *Then sing*, etc. In the folios this line and the stage direction are printed as one line: "Then sing him home, the rest shall

beare this burthen." Various changes have been made by the editors, but the majority adopt that in the text.

13. *Take thou no scorn.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 107: "your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek;" and 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 4. 35: "And take foul scorn to fawn on him."

17. *Lusty.* Jocosely = gallant; or, as Schmidt gives it, "almost = merry."

SCENE III.—Johnson remarks that the preceding scene was introduced to fill up an interval, which is to represent two hours. We find such scenes in other plays, but S. always gives them a certain interest of their own.

2. *Much Orlando!* Spoken ironically, of course; but there have been sundry attempts in the way of "emendation."

7. *Bid.* Often used by S. as the past tense. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 192, *T. of S.* i. 2. 30 (but *bade* in 37 just below), etc. The participle is *bid* in every instance except *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 32 (Verges's speech), where it is *bidden*. Cf. i. 2. 59 above.

8. *Contents.* Accented as in 21 and in v. 4. 130 below; and so always in S.

9. *Action.* A trisyllable. See on i. 2. 265 above.

10. *Of.* See on ii. 4. 44 above.

14. *Swaggerer.* Bully. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 81, 83, 91, 104, etc. For the thought, cf. *M. for M.* iii. 2. 207: "This would make Mercy swear and play the tyrant."

16. *And that.* And says that.

17. *As rare as phoenix.* Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 21:—

"Now I will believe
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix
At this hour reigning there."

In *L. C.* 93 *phoenix* is used as an adjective = matchless. According to the familiar fable, but one phoenix existed at a time, having

risen from the ashes of its predecessor. See allusions to the story in 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 35, *Hen. VIII.* v. 5. 41, etc. For *Od's my will!* see on iii. 5. 43 above. These oaths, as Furness suggests, seem to be due to Rosalind's "attempts to assume a swashing and a martial outside. Before she donned doublet and hose she uttered none."

23. *Turn'd into.* Brought to. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 67: "turns me to shame;" *Temp.* i. 2. 64: "the teen that I have turn'd you to," etc.

27. *A huswife's hand.* The hand of a working housewife.

32. *Defies.* For a different sense, see epil. 19 below.

34. *Giant-rude.* Gigantically or preposterously rude. See on ii. 7. 31 above.

35. *Ethiope.* Not used elsewhere by S. as an adjective. For the noun, cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 6. 26, *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 118, 268, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 257, etc.

37. *So please you.* See on i. 1. 90 above; and for *heard*, on iv. 1. 92.

39. *Phebes.* Addresses me in the same "cruel" strain.

44. *Laid apart.* Laid aside. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 78: "and lay apart The borrowed glories," etc.; also Jonson, *To Cynthia*: "Lay thy bow of pearl apart," etc.

48. *Vengeance.* Mischief. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 3. 113: "This vengeance on me had they executed."

49. *Meaning me,* etc. Meaning that I am, etc.

50. *Eyne.* Also written *eyen*; an old plural analogous to *oxen*, *shoon*, etc. It is used *without rhyme* in *R. of L.* 1229 and *Per.* iii. prol. 5.

52. *Alack.* Alas. S. uses the two words interchangeably. Thus we have "alas the day!" in iii. 2. 204 above, and "alack the day!" in *M. of V.* ii. 2. 73, etc.

53. *Aspect.* Perhaps used in its astrological sense, the eyes being compared to stars. Cf. Milton's *L'Allegro*, 121: "With store of ladies, whose bright eyes Rain *influence*" (the astrological term). Cf. also *R. of L.* 14, *Sonn.* 26. 10, *W. T.* ii. 1. 107, *T. and C.* i.

3. 92, 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 97, etc. The accent of the word in S. is always on the last syllable.

54. *Whiles*. See on ii. 7. 128 above. *Chid* is the regular past tense of *chide* in S., the participle being *chid* or *chidden*.

55. *Prayers*. A dissyllable; as often.

58. *By him seal up*, etc. That is, send a sealed letter by him to let me know, etc.

59. *Kind*. Nature; as in *A. W.* i. 3. 67, etc. *Youth and kind* seems to be = youthful nature or inclination.

61. *Make*. Earn. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 3. 7: "he made five marks, ready money."

68. *Instrument*. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 380-389: "You would play upon me," etc.

70. *Snake*. Often used in this contemptuous way. Cf. *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: "And you, poor snakes," etc.

75. *Fair ones*. Wright and Furness suggest that we should read "fair one," as Celia is apparently the only woman present, and it is she who replies. We should expect, however, that both she and Rosalind would be addressed. It is possible, though highly improbable, that it was a slip on the part of S.

76. *Purlieus*. A technical term for the borders of a forest; used by S. only here. Reed quotes Manwood, *Treatise on the Forest Laws*, c. xx.: "Purlieu . . . is a certaine territorie of ground adjoyning unto the forest, meared and bounded with immoveable marks, meeres, and boundaries." Cf. Milton, *P. L.* iv. 404: "In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play," etc.

78. *Bottom*. Valley, dale. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 105: "so rich a bottom;" Milton, *Comus*, 532: "the hilly crofts That brow this bottom-glade," etc. So *bottom-grass* in *V. and A.* 236 = grass growing in a deep valley.

84. *Description*. Quadrisyllable. See on i. 2. 265 above.

86. *Favour*. Look, aspect. Cf. *ill-favour'd*, iii. 5. 53 above. *Bestows himself* = deports or conducts himself. Cf. *K. John*, iii. i. 225, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 186, etc.

87. *Ripe*. Elder, mature. *Low* = short of stature; as in *Much Ado*, i. 1. 173, iii. 1. 65 (where it is opposed to "tall"), *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 295-305, etc.

93. *Napkin*. Handkerchief, as is evident from 97 just below. Cf. *L. C.* 15: "Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne;" and *Oth.* iii. 3. 290, where Emilia says "I am glad I have found this napkin," and immediately after (306) to Iago, "What will you give me now For that same handkerchief?"

97. *Handkercher*. The folio spelling, indicating the pronunciation. In *Oth.* the quarto has "handkercher," the folio "handkerchief."

101. *Food*. Commonly quoted "cud"; but S. does not use the word. On *sweet and bitter fancy*, cf. Lodge's novel: "Wherein I have noted the variable disposition of fancy, that lyke the polype in colours, so it changeth into sundry humors, being as it should seeme a combat mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweet prejudice, lyke to the synople tree, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruit infects the taste."

102. *Threw his eye*. Cf. *R. of L.* 1499, *M. for M.* v. i. 23, *K. John*, iii. 3. 59, etc.

104. *An oak*. The folio has "an old Oake," but it is not likely that S. would crowd the line with an adjective implied in *age* and *antiquity*. It reminds me of a line in an ambitious college poem which read "In the old days of ancient yore."

108. *Gilded*. Schmidt notes that S. uses *gilded* twenty times and *gilt* only six times.

109. *Her*. There is here a confusion of genders, as in *Macb.* iii. 2. 13:—

"We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She 'll close and be *herself*, whilst our poor malice
 Remains in danger of *her* former tooth."

There is no clear case in S. of *her* as the possessive of *it*.

112. *Indented*. Sinuous, winding. Cf. *V. and A.* 704: "Turn

and return, indenting with the way." Milton, like S., has the word twice. See *Vac. Ex.* 94:—

"Or Trent, who, like some Earth-born giant, spreads
His thirsty arms along the indented meads;"

and *P. L.* ix. 496 (of the serpent):—

"not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since."

114. *With udders*, etc. And therefore *hungry* (126 below). Cf. *Lear*, iii. 1. 12: "the cub-drawn bear."

117. *The royal disposition*, etc. Douce quotes what Batman (*upon Barthol.* xviii. 65) says of lions: "Also their mercie is known by many and oft ensamples: for they spare them that lye on the ground." See also Lodge's novel, p. 161 above.

122. *Render*. Describe, report. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 27: "rendered me these news for true;" *Hen. V.* i. 1. 44: "A fearful battle render'd you in music," etc.

125. *To*. With regard to. Cf. *T. of S.* ii. 1. 334, *A. W.* iv. 3. 276, etc.

131. *Hurtling*. Din of conflict. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 2. 22: "The noise of battle hurtled in the air;" and Gray, *Fatal Sisters*:—

"Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air," etc.

134. *Contrive*. Plot. See on i. 1. 142 above; and cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 196, etc.

135. *Do not shame*. Am not ashamed. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 322: "Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery;" and *Macb.* ii. 2. 64:—

"My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white;"

138. *For*. As regards. Cf. v. 4. 66: "But, for the seventh cause," etc. *By and by* = presently, soon. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 2, etc.

140. *Recountments*. Relations, narratives; used by S. only here.

141. *As*. As for instance. Cf. ii. i. 6 above.

150. *Brief*. "In brief" (142 above). Cf. *K. John*, v. 6. 18. *Recover'd* = restored; as in *Temp.* ii. 2. 71, 79, 97, *W. T.* iv. 4. 815, etc.

151. *Being strong at heart*. Having now recovered from the fainting.

159. *Cousin Ganymede*. Johnson prints "Cousin — Ganymede!" and says, "Celia, in her first fright, forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out *cousin*, then recollects herself, and says *Ganymede*." But *cousin* is probably used loosely, as explained on i. 3. 41 above.

165. *Ah, sirrah*. "On recovering herself, Rosalind immediately resumes her boyish sauciness, and a little overdoes it" (White). Moberly, who prints "sirra," remarks, "A similar form seems still in use in America (without any notion of upbraiding)." He apparently refers to the vulgar "sirree," which is of very recent origin and of course has no connection with *sirrah*. *A body* was formerly used in this way in serious composition. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 4. 25, etc. Wright quotes *Psalms* liii. 1 (Prayer-Book version): "The foolish body hath said in his heart."

169. *Of earnest*. In earnest. Cf. i. 2. 27, i. 3. 26, and iv. i. 185 above.

172. *Take a good heart*. S. does not elsewhere use the article in this and similar phrases. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 1. 56: "Bid her have good heart;" *J. C.* iv. 3. 288: "I have taken heart," etc.

177. *Draw homewards*. Come home. We still use *draw near*, but not = come in, enter, as in *Temp.* v. 1. 318, *A. W.* iii. 2. 101, and *T. of A.* ii. 2. 46.

ACT V

SCENE I. — 10. *It is meat and drink to me*. A common proverbial expression. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 306: "That's meat and drink to me, now."

12. *We shall be flouting.* We must have our joke. For *shall*, cf. i. i. 126 above; and for *flouting*, iii. 3. 106.

15. *God ye good even.* That is, God give you good even. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 58: "God gi' good-den" ("Godgigoden" in the folio), and *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 89: "God-den," etc.

35. *Wise man.* See on i. 2. 87 above.

52. *Female.* Touchstone, like many of his kindred now, prefers *female* to the "common" *woman*.

58. *Bandy.* Contend, strive. Cf. *T. A.* i. i. 312: "fit to bandy with thy lawless sons." It was originally a term in tennis, referring to tossing the ball to and fro; as, figuratively, in *R. and J.* iii. i. 92.

63. *God rest you merry.* God keep you merry. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 65: "rest you merry!" For similar forms, see *M. of V.* i. 3. 60, *M. for M.* iv. 3. 186, *A. and C.* i. i. 62, etc.

64. *Seeks.* The singular verb is often found with two singular subjects.

SCENE II. — I. *Is't possible*, etc. As Steevens remarks, the poet seems to be aware that, in varying from the novel here (see p. 163, foot-note), he makes the passion of Celia appear rather hasty.

4. *Persever.* The word was so spelt in the time of S. and accented on the penult. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 2. 36, 37, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 237, etc.

6. *Of her.* Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 50: "The kindred of him," etc.

11. *Estate.* Cf. *Temp.* iv. i. 85, etc. We find "estate unto" in *M. N. D.* i. i. 98.

14. *And all's contented followers.* This contraction of *his*, as of *us*, was not uncommon.

18. *And you, fair sister.* Johnson would read "your fair sister;" but, as Chamier suggested, Oliver addresses her in her assumed character of a woman courted by Orlando. Grant White thinks that Oliver knows Rosalind's sex, having been informed of it by Celia, whom he has wooed and won since the end of the last act; "for to suppose that she kept Rosalind's secret from him one

moment longer than was necessary to give her own due precedence would be to exhibit an ignorance in such matters quite deplorable." Let the reader judge.

26. *Handkercher*. See on iv. 3. 97 above.

27. *And greater wonders*, etc. Gervinus thinks that Oliver discovered the sex of Rosalind by her fainting, and told Orlando of it; but we cannot agree with him. The reference may be (as Rosalind understands it) to the sudden betrothal of Oliver and Celia.

28. *I know where you are*. That is, what you hint at, what you mean. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 148: "O, ho, are you there with me?"

30. *Thrasonical*. Boastful; from Thraso, the bragging soldier in the *Eunuchus* of Terence. It is not necessary to suppose that S. had read Terence, for the word was already in use. Cf. *Orlando Furioso*, 1594: "a Thrasonical mad cap," etc. S. uses it again in *L. L. L.* v. 1. 14. For the reference to Cæsar, cf. *Cymb.* iii. 1. 24.

37. *Incontinent*. Immediately; the adjective used adverbially, as often. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 6. 48: "put on sullen black incontinent," etc.

38. *Wrath*. Passion, ardour.

39. *Clubs*. "Clubs!" was the rallying cry of the London apprentices, who used their clubs to put an end to a public disturbance, or sometimes (cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 53) merely to join in one. See *R. and J.* i. 1. 80. Malone aptly quotes *T. A.* ii. 1. 37: "Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace."

41. *Nuptial*. S. uses the singular except in *Per.* v. 3. 80. In *Oth.* ii. 2. 8 the quartos have the plural.

43. *By so much . . . by how much*, etc. Cf. for the same arrangement of clauses, *Rich. III.* ii. 2. 126: —

"Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd ;"

for the inverse order, *K. John*, ii. 1. 80 and 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 234. See also iii. 3. 61 above.

51. *Of good conceit*. Of good intellect, or intelligence. For this

sense, cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 92: "wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;" 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 264: "there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet," etc.

53. *Insomuch*. Seeing that, since; used by S. nowhere else.

56. *Grace me*. Gain me credit. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 71: "goes to the wars, to grace himself on his return," etc. See also i. 1. 146 above.

58. *Three year*. See on iii. 2. 314 above. *Conversed* = been acquainted or associated with. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 63, *Rich. III.* iv. 2. 28, etc.

59. *Not damnable*. Not deserving the penalty usually inflicted upon his craft. By an act of the time of Elizabeth, death without benefit of clergy was the punishment for the practice of witchcraft whereby death ensued; imprisonment and the pillory for minor forms of the crime. An act of James I. repealing this made death the penalty for invoking evil spirits or practising witchcraft at all.

60. *Gesture*. Bearing, behaviour. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 88: "mark his gesture;" *Id.* iv. 1. 142: "his gesture imports it," etc.

64. *Inconvenient*. Disagreeable; used by S. only here.

65. *Human as she is*, etc. "That is, not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation" (Johnson).

68. *Tender dearly*. Hold dear, value highly (though I risk it by confessing myself a magician). Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 74: "which name I tender As dearly as my own;" *Ham.* i. 3. 107: "Tender yourself more dearly," etc.

73. *Lover*. For the feminine use, see on iii. 4. 42 above.

74. *Ungentleness*. Unkindness; used nowhere else by S.

79. *Him*. The word is emphatic, as the measure shows. Gr. 483.

91. *Fantasy*. See on ii. 4. 31 above.

93. *Duty and observance*. Respect and homage. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 203: "followed her with a doting observance," etc.

In line 95 the folio repeats "observance," which is obviously an

error. *Obedience* seems, on the whole, the best correction that has been suggested.

100. *To love*. For loving; a common use of the infinitive. See on i. 1. 109 above.

105. *Speak* = say; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 16, *Macb.* iv. 3. 154, etc. Orlando's reply is = Because I speak to her, etc.

107. *Nor doth not*. See on ii. 3. 50 above, and cf. v. 4. 86 below.

108. *Like the howling*, etc. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 379: "And the wolf howls the moon." See also *J. C.* iv. 3. 27. In Lodge's novel we find the expression, "thou barkest with the wolves of Syria against the moone." There were wolves in Ireland down to the beginning of the eighteenth century.

SCENE III. — 4. *Dishonest*. Immodest. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 49: "dishonest manners," etc. See also *honest* in i. 2. 38 and iii. 3. 26 above.

To be a woman of the world. That is, a married woman. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 331: "Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt: I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!" *A. W.* i. 3. 20: "If I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may."

8. *By my troth*. See on i. 2. 88 above.

11. *Clap into 't roundly*. Set about it at once. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 3. 43: "I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come." See also *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 44. For *roundly* = at once, without ceremony, cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 59, *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 122, etc.; and note the use of *round* = blunt, uncereemonious, in *T. N.* ii. 3. 102, *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 216, etc.

13. *The only prologues*. Only the prologues. Cf. i. 2. 191 above.

14. *A tune*. One tune; an occasional use of the article, which is etymologically the same as *one*. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 188, etc.

16. In the folio the last stanza of the *song* is made the second. The arrangement here given is found in the earliest copy of the song with musical notes, printed in Morley's *First Book of Ayres*,

or little short Songs to sing and play to the Lute, 1600; also in a MS. copy made certainly before 1639, and preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh.

17. *With a hey*, etc. In the preface to his *Ghostly Psalms* (quoted by Wright) Coverdale refers to these meaningless burdens of songs: "And if women, sitting at their rocks, or spinning at the wheels, had none other songs to pass their time withal, than such as Moses' sister, Glehana's [Elkanah's] wife, Debora, and Mary the mother of Christ, have sung before them, they should be better occupied than with *hey nony nony*, *hey troly loly*, and such like phantasies."

19. *Ring time*. The time of exchanging rings, or of making love.

22. *Between the acres of the rye*, etc. "The common field being divided into acre-strips by *balks* of unploughed turf, doubtless one of these green balks is referred to here" (Ridgeway). For this use of *balk* (still common in provincial English), cf. Cowper, *Retirement*: "Green balks and furrow'd fields." For *acre* = field, cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 81, 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 25, etc.

35. *Matter*. Sense. Cf. ii. 1. 68 above.

36. *Untuneable*. Inharmonious. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 208: "harsh, untuneable, and bad." See also *tuneable* in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 184 and iv. 1. 129. Some eds. substitute "untimeable"; but *untuneable* agrees better with what Touchstone afterwards says, "God mend your voices!" The page mistakes the point of the criticism, perhaps intentionally.

SCENE IV.—4. *As those that fear*, etc. That is, whose hopes are mingled with fear, and only their fears certain. That this is the general meaning is evident from the preceding line; but a dozen "emendations" have been proposed.

5. *Whiles*. See on ii. 7. 128. *Compact* (cf. ii. 7. 5) is accented by S. on the last syllable except in 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 163.

12. *Hour*. Here a dissyllable.

18. *Make all this matter even.* Or, as we now say, "make it all straight." So, just below, *make these doubts all even* = reconcile them, clear them up. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 41: —

"Yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even."

In *A. W.* ii. 1. 194, "will you make it even?" = will you make it good?

22. *To wed.* We should expect "you 'll wed," but such changes of construction are common in S.

27. *Lively.* Lifelike. Cf. *T. of A.* i. 1. 38: "Livelier than life." For *favour*, see on i. 2. 39 above.

32. *Desperate.* Because those who pursued them were supposed to risk their souls in the league they made with Satan.

34. *Obscured.* Hidden; as in i. 1. 68 above. Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 395: "why I obscur'd myself," etc.

35. *Toward.* At hand, coming. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 83: "a play toward;" *T. of S.* v. 1. 14: "some cheer is toward," etc. *Towards* is used once in the same sense, in *R. and J.* i. 5. 124.

40. *Good my lord.* See on i. 2. 1. above.

43. *Put me to my purgation.* Challenge me to prove it. *Purgation* properly = exculpation; as in i. 3. 52 above. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 7: "the guilt of the purgation," etc.

44. *A measure.* A formal court dance. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 80: "a measure, full of state and ancientry." See also *Rich. II.* i. 3. 291, etc.

47. *And like.* And had like, or was likely. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. i. 115: "We had like to have had our two noses snapped off;" *W. T.* iv. 4. 750: "Your worship had like to have given us one," etc. Cf. *had as lief* (i. 1. 143) and *like* = likely (i. 2. 18). *Like* is still vulgarly used in this way, at least in New England.

48. *Ta'en up.* Made up. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 320: "I have his horse to take up the quarrel," etc.

54. *God 'ield you.* See on iii. 3. 75 above. On *I desire you of*

the like, cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 185: "I shall desire you of more acquaintance," etc.

56. *Copulatives*. Candidates for marriage.

57. *Blood*. Passion. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 187:—

"for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood;"

and *Id.* ii. 3. 170: "O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory." On *ill-favoured*, cf. iii. 5. 53 above, and see on i. 2. 39.

60. *Honesty*. See on v. 3. 4 above.

62. *Swift*. Ready, quick. Cf. iii. 2. 274: "a nimble wit." *Sententious* = full of pithy sayings. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 3.

64. *The fool's bolt*. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 132: "A fool's bolt is soon shot." A *bolt* was a blunt-headed arrow.

65. *Such dulcet diseases*. Foolish attempts have been made to mend the fool's talk by changing *diseases* to "discourses," "discords," or "phrases."

69. *Seeming*. Seemingly, becomingly. For *as*, cf. ii. 1. 6 above.

70. On *dislike*, Warburton quotes Beaumont and Fletcher, *Queen of Corinth*, iv. 1:—

"Has he familiarly
Dislik'd your yellow starch, or said your doublet
Was not exactly frenchified? or that that report
In fair terms was untrue? or drawn your sword,
Cried 'twas ill-mounted? has he given the lie
In circle, or oblique, or semi-circle,
Or direct parallel? you must challenge him."

75. *Quip*. A sharp jest, or sarcasm; or, as Lyly defines it in his *Campaspe*, "a short saying of a sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word." Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 2. 12, *M. W.* i. 3. 45, *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 249, etc.

76. *Disabled*. Disparaged. See on iv. 1. 32 above.

80. *Countercheck*. Check; as in chess. S. uses the word again in *K. John*, ii. 1. 224: "A countercheck before your gates."

87. *Measured swords*. A preliminary to a duel. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 276.

88. *Can you nominate*, etc. Jaques apparently suspects that Touchstone's enumeration of the lies may have been an impromptu invention, and that he may not be able to repeat it.

90. *By the book*. S. doubtless refers here to a book by Vincentio Saviolo, printed in 1594. It is entitled "Vincentio Saviolo his Practise. In two Bookes. The first intreating of the vse of the Rapier and Dagger. The second, of Honor and honorable Quarrels." The second book contains "A Discourse most necessarie for all Gentlemen that haue in regarde their honors touching the giuing and receiuing of the Lie, wherevpon the Duello & the Combats in diuers sortes doth insue, & many other inconueniencies, for lack only of the true knowledge of honor, and the contrarie: & the right vnderstanding of wordes, which heere is plainly set downe, beginning thus." The subject is treated under the following heads: "Of the manner and diuersitie of Lies;" "Of Lies certaine;" "Of conditionall Lyes;" "Of the Lye in generall;" "Of the Lye in particular;" "Of foolish Lyes." The chapter "Of conditionall Lyes," which seems to correspond to Touchstone's "Lie circumstantial," begins thus: "Conditionall lyes be such as are giuen conditionally: as if a man should saie or write these woordes. If thou hast saide that I haue offered my Lord abuse, thou lye: or if thou saiest so heerafter, thou shalt lye. And as often as thou hast or shalt so say, so oft do I and will I say that thou doest lye. Of these kinde of lyes giuen in this manner, often arise much contention in words, and diuers intricate worthy battailes, multiplying wordes vpon wordes whereof no sure conclusion can arise." The author warns his readers "by all meanes possible to shunne all conditionall lyes, neuer geuing anie other but certayne Lyes: the which in like manner they ought to haue great regarde, that they giue them not, vnless they be by some sure means infallibly assured, that they giue them rightly, to the ende that the parties vnto whome they be giuen, may

be forced without further Ifs and Ands, either to deny or iustifie, that which they haue spoken."

91. *Books for good manners.* There were many such in the time of S., and indeed at a much earlier date. One was published by Wynkyn de Worde in 1507. There was an earlier edition printed by Pynson in 1494, stated to be "finyshed and translated out of Frenshe into Englissh the viij. day of June in the yere of oure Lorde 1486." Pynson also printed another book entitled "the myrrour of good maners," etc., translated from the Latin by Alexander Bercley. *The Boke of Nurture, or Schoole of good maners for men, servants, and children*, compiled by Hugh Rhodes, passed through at least five editions between 1554 and 1557. Several other books of the kind were published about the same time.

102. *Swore brothers.* Like the *fratres jurati*, who took an oath to share each other's fortunes. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 1. 20, *Much Ado*, i. 1. 73, 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 7, and 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 345.

106. *A stalking-horse.* A horse, or the figure of one, behind which sportsmen approached their game. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 95: "Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits." Nares cites *The Malcontent*: "A fellow that makes religion his stalking-horse."

107. *Presentation.* Semblance; used by S. only here and in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 84: "The presentation of but what I was."

108. *Still music.* Soft music. The folio has the stage direction "*Musick still*" in *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 80. Cf. "stilly sounds" in *Hen. V.* iv. prol. 5.

110. *Atone together.* Are at one, or agree together. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 72: "He and Aufidius can no more atone," etc. It is used transitively (= make at one, reconcile) in *Rich. II.* i. 1. 202 and *Oth.* iv. 1. 244.

114. *Her hand.* The 1st and 2d folios have "his hand"; and in the next line all the folios have "his bosom." On 115 cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 826: "Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast;" *Rich. III.* i. 2. 205: "Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;" and *V. and A.* 582: —

"her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence engaged in his breast."

130. *If truth holds true contents.* "If truth contains truth, if the possession of truth be not imposture" (Caldecott).

133. *Accord.* Agree, consent. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 90, *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 86, etc.

135. *Sure.* Surely or securely united. Cf. *M. W.* v. 5. 237:—

"The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us."

139. *That reason*, etc. "That the facts when stated may diminish wonder" (Moberly).

140. *Finish.* Intransitive; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 201: "His days may finish ere that hapless time."

141. *Wedding is great Juno's crown*, etc. Grant White remarks: "Both the thought and the form of the thought in this Song seem to me as unlike Shakespeare's as they could well be, and no less unworthy of his genius; and for the same reasons I think it not improbable that the whole of Hymen's part is from another pen than his." For myself, I have no doubt whatever that this matter is an interpolation; and it may be noted that lines 125-146 make an awkward break in the dialogue, which would run along very naturally without them. The interpolation (like that of Hecate's part in *Macb.* and the vision in *Cymb.*) was such as the stage managers of the time were fond of thrusting into plays for stage effect.

144. *High wedlock*, etc. That is, let it be highly honoured, as the next line shows.

148. *Even daughter, welcome*, etc. That is, "I address you not as *niece* merely, but as *daughter*, since you are welcome in no less degree than a daughter" (Allen, quoted by Furness).

150. *Fancy.* Love. See on iii. 2. 358 above. *Combine* = bind; as in *M. for M.* iv. 3. 149: "I am combined by a sacred vow."

156. *Address'd*. Prepared. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 58: "To-morrow for the march are we address'd." *Power* = army. S. uses both the singular and the plural in this sense, as we do *force* and *forces*. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 169: "with a mighty power;" and *Id.* iv. 3. 308: "Bid him set on his powers," etc.

157. *In his own conduct*. Led by himself. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 129: "Under whose conduct came those powers of France?" *Cymb.* iv. 2. 340: "Under the conduct of bold Iachimo," etc.

160. *Religious*. See on iii. 2. 340 above.

161. *Question*. See on iii. 4. 35 above. The ellipsis of the subject in *was converted* is of a kind not uncommon in S.

164. *Restor'd*. Being restored.

165. *Exil'd*. S. puts the accent on either syllable. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 2. 133 and *Macb.* v. 8. 66. For the noun, see on ii. i. i.

166. *Engage*. Pledge. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 563: "I will engage my word to thee;" *J. C.* ii. i. 127: "honesty to honesty engaged," etc.

167. *Offer'st fairly*. Makest a good offering or contribution.

168. *To the other*. Through his marriage with Rosalind.

169. *At large*. Of great extent. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 346:—

"The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large."

170. *Do those ends*, etc. Finish up the work so well begun.

172. *After*. Afterwards; as in *Temp.* ii. 2. 10: "And after bite me," etc. For *every*, cf. *A. and C.* i. 2. 38: "every of your wishes." It is curious that *every* is the only one of these so-called "adjective pronouns" which we do not now use in this way. We can say "any of them," "each of them," etc., but not "every of them."

173. *Shrewd*. Evil. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 178: "a shrewd turn" (that is, an ill turn), etc.

175. *States*. Estates. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 262: "my state was nothing;" *1 Hen. IV.* iv. i. 46: "the exact wealth of all our states," etc. On the other hand, *estate* was sometimes = state, condition;

as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 239: "his letter there Will show you his estate," etc. Cf. *Genesis*, xliii. 7, *Psalms*, cxxxvi. 23, etc.

176. *New-fallen*. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* v. 1. 44: "your new-fallen right." For *fall* = befall, see *A. and C.* iii. 7. 40: "no disgrace shall fall you," etc.

179. *Measures*. See on 44 above.

180. *By your patience*. With your permission. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 31, *Cor.* i. 3. 81, etc. So "with your patience;" as in *1 Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 78, etc.

182. *Pompous*. Full of pomp, splendid. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 250: "the pompous body of a king;" *Per.* iii. prol. 4: "this most pompous marriage feast." It now carries with it the idea of ostentatious display.

184. *Convertites*. Converts; a word not used by S. Cf. *K. John*, v. 1. 19: "a gentle convertite;" and *R. of L.* 743: "a heavy convertite."

185. *Matter*. See on ii. 1. 68 above.

186. *You to your former honour*, etc. That is, bequeath your former honour to you. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 282: "Impose me to what penance;" *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 106: "Till we assign you to your days of trial;" *Mach.* v. 8. 49: "I would not wish them to a fairer death," etc.

187. *Deserves*. For the singular, cf. v. 1. 63 above.

198. Steevens remarks that S. has here forgotten old Adam, "whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he would naturally have found in the return of fortune to his master." Lodge, at the end of the novel, makes him captain of the king's guard.

EPILOGUE

2. *Unhandsome*. Improper, unbecoming; as in *1 Hen. IV.* i. 3. 44.

3. *Good wine needs no bush.* A common proverb. A bush or tuft of ivy was in olden time the sign of a vintner. Steevens quotes Gascoigne, *Glass of Government*, 1575: "Now a days the good wyne needeth none ivye garland." Cotgrave (*Fr. Dict.*) has "Bouchon: m. A stopple; also, a wispe of strawe, &c., also, the bush of a tauerne, or alehouse."

8. *Insinuate with you.* Ingratiate myself with you. Cf. *V. and A.* 1012: "With Death she humbly doth insinuate;" and *Rich. III.* i. 4. 152: "he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh."

9. *Furnished.* Dressed. See on iii. 2. 241 above.

11. *Conjure.* Accented by S. on either syllable without regard to the meaning.

13. *As please you.* As may please you.

17. *If I were a woman.* Caldecott assumes that Rosalind is still in male apparel; but he forgets that in the time of S. women never played in the theatres. Pepys in his *Diary* has several allusions to this; for instance:—

January 3, 1660. "To the Theatre, where was acted 'Beggar's Bush,' it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage."

Feb. 12, 1660/1. "By water to Salisbury Court play-house, where not liking to sit, we went out again, and by coach to the Theatre, and there saw 'The Scornfull Lady,' now done by a woman, which makes the play appear much better than ever it did to me."

August 18th, 1660. "Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to see the Cockpitt play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, 'The Loyall Subject,' where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life."

Edward Kynaston, mentioned by Pepys, was engaged by Sir W. Davenant in 1660 to perform the principal female characters. He also played leading male parts. Pepys, under date of January 7, 1660, says: "Tom and I and my wife to the Theatre, and there saw 'The Silent Woman.' Among other things here, Kinaston the

boy had the good turn to appear in three shapes: first, as a poor woman in ordinary clothes, to please Morose; then in fine clothes, as a gallant; and in them was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house: and lastly, as a man; and then likewise did appear the handsomest man in the house." It was this Kynaston who once kept Charles II. waiting for a tragedy to begin "because the queen was not shaved." He lived until 1712, and was buried in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden.

19. *Liked*. Pleased. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. prol. 32: "The offer likes not;" *Id.* iv. 3. 77: "Which likes me better," etc. *Defied* = slighted, despised (Schmidt). Cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 23: "No, I defy all counsel, all redress," etc.; also Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 8. 52: "Foole! (sayd the Pagan) I thy gift defye" (disdain, or refuse); *Four Prentices of London* (quoted by Nares):—

"Vain pleasures I abhor, all things defy,
That teach not how to despair, or how to die."

Cf. *defiance* = disdain, rejection; as in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 143, etc.

APPENDIX

COMMENTS ON SOME OF THE CHARACTERS

JAQUES. — Jaques is the great enigma of the play; and it is curious that there should be such a diversity of opinion concerning him. According to Hudson and several other critics, he is “a perfectly harmless though utterly useless man, a philosopher with something of the fool in him, as Touchstone is a fool with something of the philosopher.”

Grant White, Dr. Moberly, and some of the Germans, on the other hand, believe him to be unmitigatedly depraved, — a worn-out, misanthropic old profligate, introduced as a marked contrast to Orlando, Rosalind, and the banished Duke. White says: “What Jaques called melancholy was what we now call cynicism — a sullen, scoffing, snarling spirit; and this Jaques had. He was one of those men who believe in nothing good, and who, as the reason of their lack of faith in human nature and of hope in human happiness, tell us that they have seen the world. . . . In brief, Jaques was Falstaff without his fat, and without his humour.”

For myself, I think the truth lies between these two extremes, and that Dowden has hit it very well. He says: “The melancholy of Jaques was not grave and earnest, but sentimental, a self-indulgent humour, a petted foible of character, melancholy prepense and cultivated. . . . Jaques died, we know not how or when or where; but he came to life again a century later, and appeared in the world as an English clergyman. We need stand in no doubt as to his character, for we all know him under his later name of Laurence Sterne. . . . His whole life is unsubstantial and unreal, a curiosity

of dainty mockery. To him all the world 's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. The world, not as it is, but as it mirrors itself in his own mind, which gives to each object a humorous distortion — this is what alone interests Jaques."

The comparison of Jaques to Sterne seems to me a peculiarly happy one. I do not know that it makes him much better than Grant White describes him, but it brings out more nicely the precise quality of his badness. He was not the bitter, scoffing cynic that White makes him. His character had not the vigour and earnestness which that implies. It was rather the dainty, shallow, half-real, half-affected cynicism of Sterne. He not only looked on all men and women as merely players, but he was an actor himself. His melancholy was a part that he played, and so was his sentiment, which was rather sentimentality. Like a good actor, he entered so thoroughly into the spirit of the part he assumed that to a superficial observer it might seem quite real.

Compare what Thackeray says of Sterne: "I suppose Sterne had this artistical sensibility; he used to blubber perpetually in his study, and finding his tears infectious, and that they brought him a great popularity, he exercised the lucrative gift of weeping, he utilized it, and cried on every occasion. I own that I do not value or respect much the cheap dribble of those fountains. He fatigues me with his perpetual disquiet, and his uneasy appeals to my risible or sentimental faculties. He is always looking in my face, watching his effect, uncertain whether I think him an impostor or not; posture-making, coaxing, and imploring me: 'See what sensibility I have — own now that I am very clever — do cry now, you can't resist this!'"

This describes Jaques as exactly as it does Sterne; and if we chose to dwell on the subject we might point out resemblances more in detail. Sterne's weeping over the dead donkey might be paralleled by Jaques' lament over the wounded deer; and so on. And yet neither had much genuine feeling. They could both grow lachrymose and sentimental over donkeys and deer, but had slight

sympathy for real human suffering. We all know the story of Sterne's domestic relations; and Jaques has nothing to utter but a few unfeeling jests when Orlando appears at the dinner-table in the forest and demands food for himself and the starving Adam.

It is to be noted that the Duke and Rosalind and Orlando all see through the sham melancholy and sentimentality of Jaques. Moberly thinks that they see how bad he is, and intend to reprove him with righteous severity for his sins; but their judgment and censure of him do not seem to me so serious as that. They are amused by him and interested in him, but they cannot thoroughly like him, and they enjoy "showing him up." The Duke loves, as he says, "to cope him in his sullen fits," and, when Jaques talks of setting up as a reformer, laughs at the idea that the affected old libertine should think of attempting a part like that, good actor though he was. Rosalind and Orlando both put him to flight in the encounter of wit and sarcasm. Rosalind is especially happy in her ridicule of his boasted experience as a traveller, from which he has gained nothing but a contempt for his own country.

At the end of the play Jaques runs away from the happiness with which he could have no hearty sympathy; and yet there is a touch of good feeling in his farewell to the Duke and the married couples which is inconsistent with the theory that he is utterly depraved, and upon which no one of the editors on either side has commented. To the Duke he says:—

"You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it;"

to Orlando: "You to a love that your true faith doth merit;" and so on with the rest. He has a friendly word for all, with a harmless fling at Touchstone and Audrey, and I do not believe that Shakespeare meant it to be understood as insincere. For the moment Jaques really felt as he spoke, and in bidding good-by to his companions in the forest comedy he could not help paying an honest tribute to their true worth.

ROSALIND. — Rosalind is one of the most charming of Shakespeare's women. Perhaps she reminds us more of Beatrice than of any other, and yet she is not wholly like her. She is as witty, as piquant, as vivacious, but she has a loveliness and a fascination all her own. In her disguise, though she wears it naturally and easily — quite unlike Viola, for instance, who is not always entirely at ease in it — she does not lose her feminine sweetness and delicacy. She has sometimes been criticized as a trifle too free in her talk; but in this respect it is easy to do injustice to any of Shakespeare's women. Lest a man's defence of them should not be accepted as satisfactory, let me quote a woman's (Mrs. Jameson's): —

“How her wit flutters free as air over every subject! With what a careless grace, yet with what exquisite propriety! . . . and if the freedom of some of the expressions used by Rosalind or Beatrice be objected to, let it be remembered that this was not the fault of Shakespeare or the women, but generally of the age. Portia, Beatrice, Rosalind, and the rest lived in times when more importance was attached to things than to words; now we think more of words than of things; and happy are we in these days of super-refinement if we are to be saved by our verbal morality.”

I believe that Mrs. Jameson is right. Looked at fairly, there is nothing indelicate in anything that Rosalind says: the indelicacy is in the criticism, not in what is criticised; and, as Moberly, who is a clergyman and a teacher, remarks in speaking of this kind of fastidiousness, “Shakespeare would have smiled at it.”

I do not say that we should copy the old English freedom of speech, but simply that we should not misjudge it. We must be governed by the conventional usage of our own day in these matters; but we should not forget that it is merely conventional, and that the apparent grossness of Elizabethan language is only apparent, being due to the prevailing fashion of speech, not to a lower standard of morality.

Rosalind has a singularly *healthy* nature — mentally and morally no less than physically: she is sound and sweet in heart, as she is

fair of face. How admirably, as we have already seen, she puts to flight the melancholy Jaques with his self-petted sentimentality, his travelled affectation and conceit! How witty and how womanly her snubbing of the pert little Phebe, when the shepherdess laughs at the idea that she can ever suffer from "love's keen arrows," as Silvius does!

"But till that time (she says)
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As till that time I shall not pity thee!"

Rosalind comes forward, and addresses the pitiless coquette:—

"And why, I pray you? *Who might be your mother,*
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? . . .
But, mistress, know yourself; *down on your knees,*
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love!
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer."

Never did silly girl get better schooling than that—and from a girl, we may suppose, no older than herself, though immeasurably her superior both in heart and in head.

In the scene (iv. 3) where Oliver tells how his brother saved his life, there is a delicate but most significant touch on which I believe no editor or commentator has written a note. When Oliver describes the man (not yet explaining that *he* was the man) lying helpless on the ground with the lioness ready to spring upon him when he should stir, he is interrupted by Celia with a remark about the "unnatural" brother. Then Rosalind speaks:—

"But to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?"

Rosalind is as unselfish, as magnanimous, as her lover. If Orlando had yielded to his first impulse and turned away from the brother who had wronged him so unnaturally,—if "kindness nobler ever

than revenge," had *not* made him give battle to the lioness, Rosalind could never have forgiven him. She would rather that the wild beast had torn his heart out than to know that heart false to fraternal or manly impulses. But Orlando was worthy of her, as she of him.

ORLANDO. — Like Rosalind, Orlando is a thoroughly *healthy* nature. I know no better word to describe him briefly. Once for a moment, when the sky is very dark, he gives way to despondency: —

"But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry;"

but, with the very next breath, he takes heart again: —

"But come thy ways; we 'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent
We 'll light upon some settled low content."

He has tenfold more cause to be melancholy than the affected Jaques; but when the latter asks, "Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery?" note his reply, "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults." No wonder that Jaques slinks away after a few brief attempts at sneering repartee.

TOUCHSTONE. — Touchstone is one of the best of Shakespeare's fools, — personally as well as professionally. As the professional jester he is not inferior to any of the others, combining much of wisdom with his wit, — a fool with something of the philosopher, to quote again what Hudson has said of him. At the same time he has personal traits that we must respect and admire. His devotion to his mistress shows that he has a warm heart under his suit of motley. Celia knows that he will follow her wherever she may go, even into her voluntary banishment in the forest. The journey is as wearisome to him as to her, but his good-humour does not fail with fatigue; he is the same merry fellow in the wood that he was

in the court, though we may be sure that his disparagement of the shepherd's life, in his talk with Corin, is more sincere than his praise of it. He finds it, we cannot doubt, "a very vile life." It may please him well in a way because it is "in the fields," but because it is not in the court "it is tedious," and it goes much against his stomach. But he bears up bravely under its loneliness and privations for the sake of his young mistress. It may be a question whether he would have fallen in love with Audrey under other circumstances; but I am confident that he had an honest affection for her, though some of the critics take seriously his preference for the hedge-priest, Sir Oliver Martext, on the ground that, if not married in due form, it would be a good excuse for leaving his wife later. It is probable that Shakespeare put that into his mouth for jocose effect in the theatre rather than as the fool's sober thought. At any rate, it is the only suggestion in the play, except the fling from Jaques to which I have already alluded, that Touchstone was not true lover of the "poor thing but his own," whom he had found in the forest, and whom he made his wife at the close of the pastoral comedy.

Two eminent critics, Dr. Furness and Mr. Aldis Wright, believe that the delineation of Touchstone is inconsistent. The former says, in his "New Variorum" edition of the play:—

"The trivial blemishes in *As You Like It* which have been ascribed with probability, by Wright and others, to haste on Shakespeare's part, may be attributed, it seems to me, quite as plausibly to the outcroppings of the original play which Shakespeare remodelled, and their presence would still be due, more or less, to haste. Among these, there is one, however, for which, I think, haste is hardly a sufficient explanation, and this is the character of Touchstone. If there is one quality in which Shakespeare is forever Shakespeare, it is in the unity of his characters, in their thorough individuality, in their absolute truth to themselves. A hundred and fifty years ago Pope said that to prefix names to the speeches in Shakespeare's plays was almost superfluous; the

speeches themselves unerringly proclaimed the speakers. We also know that either before the entrance of an important character, or very soon after, Shakespeare is wont to give either a prelude or a keynote, as it were, of that character, and with this keynote we all know how absolutely every subsequent trait or utterance is in harmony. If, then, this test be applied to Touchstone (or, why not say, this touchstone to Touchstone), will his character from first to last stand it? Is the 'clownish fool' and the 'roynish clown' of the first act, with his bald jests of knights and pancakes, the Touchstone of the fifth act, who had trod a measure, flattered a lady, been politic with his friend and smooth with his enemy? Is the simpleton of the first act, 'Nature's natural,' as he is in truth, the same with the Touchstone who can cite Ovid and quarrel in print, by the book? Are there not here two separate characters? These two clowns cannot be one and the same. The true Touchstone we meet first in the Forest of Arden, and although when Jaques speaks of him we have already seen and heard him, yet it is Jaques who gives us the keynote of his character; and in the Touchstone of the last act we recognize our old acquaintance, who solemnly pondered that 'from hour to hour we ripe and ripe, and then from hour to hour we rot and rot, and thereby hangs a tale.'

"However rapid may have been Shakespeare's composition, I cannot suppose—it is to me unthinkable—that from the first instant each character was not present before him in perfect symmetry and absolute completeness. For any discrepancy, therefore, any distortion in the character of Touchstone, haste in composition is hardly, I think, an adequate explanation, and I humbly suggest one of two courses as a possible solution: First, either we have, in the clown of the second scene of the play, the genuine roynish fool of the original old play which Shakespeare rewrote, and who here crops out, perhaps through an oversight (here, at least, due to haste) or perhaps purposely retained to please the groundlings; or else, secondly, that the clown who cracks his joke about beards and mustard was not Touchstone, but a separate

and very different character, who should never have been called Touchstone. Theobald, be it observed, was the first (and this, too, not till his second edition) to call this clown Touchstone. He is our sole authority for it. This clown Rosalind threatens with the whip — would she ever have thus menaced Touchstone?¹

“Although this latter suggestion will relieve Touchstone’s character from inconsistency, — an inconsistency which all must have felt, and to which Wright expressly calls attention, — yet the other trifling blemishes remain, such as styling Rosalind at one time the ‘shorter,’ and at another time the ‘taller,’ or speaking of ‘Juno’s swans,’ etc. For these, I think, we must fall back on the explanation that they are the survivals of the older play. Theobald’s error in nomenclature (that is, in calling the clown of the second scene Touchstone) may account for the most serious of all; but for the others, I think, we can account by supposing that there was an older drama, which was intermediate between our *As You, Like It* and Lodge’s novel.”

I quote this in full because I wish to place the theory which I shall venture to combat, with all due deference to the high authorities who have propounded it, fairly before the reader. For myself, I have never felt, and, after careful consideration of what Dr. Furness and Mr. Wright (whom I do not quote, as he is sufficiently represented by his brother editor) have said, cannot now see the

¹ The very form of the speech shows that it was playful, not serious: “You’ll be whipt for taxation *one of these days*.” This explanation is confirmed by the fool’s reply and Celia’s comment: —

“*Touchstone*. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

“*Celia*. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show.”

In *Lear* (ii. 4. 123), where the provocation is greater, and the King says to the Fool, “Take heed, sirrah; the whip,” it is perhaps a more serious admonition.

inconsistency in Touchstone's character which they think they have detected. If the earlier critics who have commented on the character felt this inconsistency, as we are told that they "must" have done, it is very strange that they did not refer to it.

That Shakespeare's characters were from the start "present before him in perfect symmetry and absolute completeness" is indisputably true. They are always consistent with themselves. If they sometimes appear inconsistent,—like Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*, for instance,—the inconsistency, though it has sometimes perplexed the critics, is an element in the character and can be easily shown to be such. Shakespeare knew, as we all do, that people are sometimes inconsistent, and that no principle of dramatic art forbade that he should represent them so in his plays if it suited his purposes. Shakespeare's characters, moreover, are real men and women, with the little imperfections of our poor human nature. Great wits, like Homer, sometimes nod; they do not always keep up to their high-water mark. They do not always try to do it; they could not do it if they tried. The after-dinner jokes of a Depew are sometimes rather poor and thin, though his reputation as a wit may prevent its being detected, at least at the dinner. Many a joke that sets the table in a roar may not provoke a smile when read in the newspaper report of the banquet. Just so do some of the witticisms of Shakespeare's fools suffer when scrutinized in cold print through critical spectacles. They were written for the theatre, where only the professional dramatic critic is hyper-critical.

We should also remember that the impromptu joke is not to be judged by the same standard as the joke premeditated and elaborated. The fool, moreover, as Shakespeare himself says (*Twelfth Night*, iii. 1. 70), must be discriminating in the exercise of his wit:—

"He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
Not, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice

As full of labour as a wise man's art;
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit,
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit."

Let us examine Touchstone's talk in the earlier and other parts of the play, and see if there are really "two of him," as Furness and Wright assume. In the second scene of the play he enters for the first time, with a message to Celia from her father, which he duly delivers, swearing by his "honour" that he was bid to do it. The dialogue goes on with the nonsense about the knight and his oath concerning the mustard and the pancakes. The girls are inclined to quiz the fool, referring with sportive irony to the great heap of his knowledge and challenging him to unmuzzle his wisdom. He does not consider them antagonists worthy of his mettle, and will not waste the whole treasure of his wit upon them. The impromptu jesting about the knight and the pancakes is sufficient for "the quality of the persons and the time." It was, moreover, suited to the taste of the theatre-goers of the day and very likely "brought down the house." It was in the same vein as some of the joking of Feste in *Twelfth Night*, the consistency of whose character has never been impugned; as, for instance, when that admirable fool, talking with Viola at the opening of act iii., puns upon living by his tabor and living "by the church,"—an impromptu quibble which Viola finds good enough to enlarge upon: "So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by the tabor if thy tabor stands by the church."

But in this very scene we find the "clownish fool" to be the same sly and keen satirist that Touchstone shows himself later, and, indeed, throughout the play. When Le Beau describes with so much gusto the wrestling in which the "three proper young men of excellent growth and presence" have had their ribs broken by Charles, and "there is little hope of life" in them, note what follows:—

" *Touchstone*. But what is this sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost ?

" *Le Beau*. Why, this that I speak of.

" *Touchstone*. Thus men may grow wiser every day ! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

" *Celia*. Or I, I promise thee.

" *Rosalind*. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides ? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking ? "

Is this a mere "roynish clown," or is it very Touchstone? Have we not here the same acute perception of the faults and follies of mankind as in his satirical description of the courtier who has undone three tailors and had four quarrels, and who knows all the rules of duelling by the book? I suspect that we are not to take Touchstone seriously when he says he *has been* a courtier. He assumes the character for the sake of satirizing it. Feste does not pretend to have been a courtier, but he is as familiar with Pythagoras as Touchstone is with Ovid, and can quote Latin freely when playing the part of Sir Topas, the priest. The Court Fool, being no fool, readily picked up enough of such knowledge for his purposes from the fools of higher rank about him.

It will be observed that Celia and Rosalind appreciated and indirectly commended Touchstone's hit at the brutality of the "sport" in which Le Beau takes such delight,—the "good wrestling" which the ladies have unluckily "lost sight of," but of which "the best is yet to do" and may be witnessed by them if they choose. It is Shakespeare himself who is the satirist here, making the fool his mouthpiece. In calling Touchstone "the clownish fool," no disparagement is intended. It is Rosalind who calls him so, and we have seen what both she and Celia think of him. In the very next speech Celia pays a marked tribute to the unselfish devotion to her interests which will make him willing to "go along o'er the wide world" with her. This speech proves that the fool of act i. is the Touchstone of the rest of the play, not an inferior clown whom Theobald misnamed.

When Jaques first met Touchstone in the forest, he evidently took him to be "an ordinary fool that has no more brains than a stone," and Touchstone humoured the mistake for the time; unless we are to regard Jaques's description of the interview as more or less fictitious, and mainly intended for the amusement of the Duke and his companions. If Touchstone was out of humour and railing at Lady Fortune, he may have drawn the dial from his pocket and commented on the dull lapse of time from hour to hour, interspersing bits of moralizing the while; but very likely Jaques had himself been railing at Fortune and moralizing in his usual fashion, and Touchstone was only burlesquing him, though Jaques does not see it. That would be quite like the fool, who was given to burlesque and parody in his good-natured satire.

It will be noticed that in this first reference which Jaques makes to Touchstone he has no word of praise for the fool. He is merely amused by what seem to him blundering attempts to be witty and wise. But later, when he overhears Touchstone talking with Audrey (iii. 3), he says, aside, "A material fool!" — that is, one with good matter in him; and he "would fain see the meeting" of the pair with Sir Oliver Martext. On that occasion he shows a genuine friendly feeling for the fool, advising him to go to church "and have a good priest" that can tell him "what marriage is." Jaques must have had other interviews with Touchstone that are not reported in the play, for when the fool enters in the closing scene Jaques says to the Duke: "Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest." A moment later, when Touchstone refers to the quarrel that he was "like to have fought," Jaques draws him out for the entertainment of the Duke: —

"*Jaques.* And how was that ta'en up?

"*Touchstone.* Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

"*Jaques.* How seventh cause? — Good my lord, like this fellow.

"*Duke Senior.* I like him very well.

"*Touchstone.* God 'ield you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster."

"*Duke Senior.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious."

Jaques brings Touchstone back to the subject of the quarrel: "But for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?" — and again, after the long speech in which the fool explains the seven degrees of the lie, Jaques leads him on by asking, "And how oft did you say his beard is not well cut?" Touchstone replies that he "durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial," and so the affair ended. Jaques then asks, "Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?" It may be a question whether he does this for the pleasure of hearing the list repeated or because he suspects that Touchstone's numeration of the lies was an impromptu invention, and wishes to test him on that point. I am inclined to think (as I have said in the note on the passage) that the latter is the true explanation; and Touchstone's reply seems to favour it: "O sir, we quarrel *in print*, by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees," intimating that of course he can do it, as he speaks "by the book." After he has proved that he can do it, and has added his shrewd comments on "your 'If'" as "the only peacemaker," Jaques again appeals to the Duke: —

"*Jaques.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool."

"*Duke Senior.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit."

The Duke spoke for Shakespeare, whose purpose in the delineation of the fool was precisely that; and it describes the Touchstone of the first scene in which he appears, with his hit at breaking of bones as sport for ladies, no less than the Touchstone of this last

scene, with his admirable satirizing of the laws of the duello, than which Mercutio's was no keener or brighter. The reader will recall the description of Tybalt (*Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. 20 fol.) : —

"O, he is the courageous captain of compliments! He fights as you sing pricksong, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist, a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!"

And again (iii. 1. 106) Mercutio calls him "a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic."

Henry Giles, in his *Human Life in Shakespeare*, calls Touchstone "the Hamlet of motley." He adds: "He is bitter, but there is often to me something like sadness in his jests. He mocks, but in his mockery we seem to hear echoes from a solitary heart. He is reflective; and melancholy, wisdom, and matter aforethought are in his quaintness. He is a thinker out of place, a philosopher in mistaken vesture, a genius by nature, an outcast by destiny." If this takes the fool too seriously in some respects, it does no more than justice to his wit, his wisdom, and his philosophy.

THE "MORAL" OF THE PLAY

What is the moral — or the "fundamental idea," as the Germans like to call it — of the play? Two critics, one a man, the other a woman, agree well in stating it. Mr. Neil, in his introduction to the play, says: —

"When we read this drama we see that it recognizes *Love* as the pivot and centre of activity and joy — the very core of life. . . . When we observe that all the evils in the play originate in the neglect of the royal law of life, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;' how selfishness complicates and love explicates the plot —

may it not be that *As You Like It* is a divine morality as well as a charming play?"

And Lady Martin (Helena Faucit), who had personated the heroine of the play in a manner to charm all who were so fortunate as to see her on the stage, remarks:—

"To me *As You Like It* seems to be as much a love-poem as *Romeo and Juliet*, with this difference,—that it deals with happy love, while the Veronese story deals with love crossed by misadventure and crowned with death. It is as full of imagination, of the glad rapture of the tender passion, of its impulsiveness, its generosity, its pathos. No 'hearse-like airs,' indeed, come wailing by, as in the tale of those 'star-crossed lovers,' to warn us of their too early 'overthrow.' All is blended into a rich, harmonious music which makes the heart throb, but never makes it ache. Still the love is not less deep, less capable of proving itself strong as death; neither are the natures of Orlando and Rosalind less touched to all the fine issues of that passion than those of 'Juliet and her Romeo.' Is not love, indeed,—love, too, at first sight,—the pivot on which the action of the play turns? Does it not seem that the text the poet meant to illustrate was that which he puts into Phebe's mouth, 'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'"

As another critic (Professor Henry Morley) has said, "In *As You Like It* there are two discords; each is between brother and brother, each is at the outset fierce: they are set in a play filled with the harmonies of life, and are themselves reduced to music at the close."

It is the same critic who dwells upon the thought that Shakespeare's works are "a Lay Bible," and that this play, like others, proves that they are not so by chance, but of set purpose. As he well says: "Shakespeare never allows good to be overcome with evil; he invariably shows evil overcome with good, the discords of life healed only by man's love to God and to his neighbour. Love God; love your Neighbour: Do your Work, making the active business of life subject to the commandments upon which hang all the

law and the prophets — Shakespeare's works contain no lessons that are not subordinate to these. Of dogmatism he is free, of the true spirit of religion he is full; and it is for this reason that his works are a Lay Bible."

BLUE EYES AND OTHER IN SHAKESPEARE

[I wrote this familiar paper simply as an illustration of an exercise that I have sometimes given my classes. It may be suggestive to teachers and managers of Shakespeare clubs; and possibly also to the private student, if he enjoys the "comparative study" of the plays.

Several years ago, when I was reading this play with a class in a female seminary, the reference to a "blue eye" (iii. 2. 368) suggested the question, "What colour in a lady's eyes did Shakespeare like best?" I asked the girls to hunt up, with the aid of the Concordances, all the allusions to black, blue, grey, green, and other coloured eyes in the plays and poems, and to discuss them in an informal "composition." They found it an interesting exercise, and later we spent an hour in considering certain questions suggested by the passages cited in the papers. Other questions suitable for such "side studies" in Shakespeare will readily occur to teachers and readers.]

The critics have had some trouble with the colours ascribed to human eyes in Shakespeare, and his use of adjectives of colour in this connection is worthy of investigation. His only distinct references to *blue* eyes are in *The Tempest* (i. 2. 269) where he calls the mother of Caliban a "blue-eyed hag," and in the present play (iii. 2. 368) where "a blue eye and sunken" is mentioned as one of the marks of a lover. In both instances the allusion is undoubtedly to a blue circle about the eyes, and not to the colour of the eyes themselves; though the passage in *The Tempest* has been quoted by some critics as evidence that blue eyes were reckoned ugly in that

day, while others have wanted to change "blue-eyed" to "blear-eyed."

Compare *Lucrece*, 1587: —

"And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky."

In *The Winter's Tale* (i. 2. 136) we have a "welkin eye" assigned to the boy Mamillius, and some commentators understand it to mean blue eye, but it is more probably equivalent to *heavenly* eye ("mit deinem Himmelsauge, that is, pure and innocent like heaven"), as Schmidt explains it.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Honest Man's Fortune*, we find "blue eye" used as equivalent to the pugilistic *black* eye: "or bring in rotten pippins to cure blue eyes, and swear they come from China;" where the decayed apple is evidently to be used as a poultice for the damaged organ.

In several passages *grey* eyes are mentioned, both literally and figuratively; and some critics insist that by *grey* the poet means *blue*. In *Romeo and Juliet* (ii. 3. 1) we have "the grey-eyed morn;" and again (iii. 5. 19) "yon grey is not the morning's eye." In the same play (ii. 4. 45) the "grey eye" of Thisbe is alluded to. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (iv. 4. 197) it is said that "Her eyes are grey as glass;" in *Twelfth Night* (i. 5. 266) Olivia includes "two grey eyes" in the inventory of her personal appearance; and Venus, in *Venus and Adonis* (140), says, "Mine eyes are grey and bright." In all these passages Dyce, Delius, and others define *grey* as *blue*; but I cannot imagine why the poet should not say *blue* if he meant blue, when the word would fit the measure as well as *grey*. I am gratified to find that so good a critic of colour as Mr. Ruskin assumes that *grey*, in the references to the grey eyes of the morning, is used in its literal sense and with peculiar appropriateness. In a paper read at a meeting of the New Shakspeare Society in London, October 11, 1878, on the passage in *Julius Cæsar* (ii. 1. 103, 104): —

"yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day" —

he expresses this opinion; and in the discussion that followed, the passage in *Romeo and Juliet* was referred to by several gentlemen as a parallel one, and the truth to nature in both was unanimously indorsed.¹

Other passages in which *grey* is supposed to mean *blue* are *Sonnet 132. 6*: —

"And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face;"

and *2 Henry IV. ii. 3. 19*: —

"For his [honour], it stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts."

I suspect it was these passages that first suggested the defining of *grey* as *blue*. In both the sky is evidently clear, and the critic assumes that it must therefore be blue; but in both we have the antithesis between the sun and the sky that would be grey without it, or seems grey in the immediate vicinity of the sun by contrast to his radiance. This view, it seems to me, is confirmed in the sonnet by the following illustration of the glorious evening star in the *sober* west. Even if we interpreted *grey* in these two passages as *blue*, it does not follow that we should do so in others where the literal sense is natural and appropriate. Dyce himself does not

¹Since this was written I see that the *New English Dictionary* (Oxford), in the two quarto pages that it gives to the word *grey*, does not so much as refer to the theory that it sometimes means blue. This dictionary, by the way, prefers the spelling *grey*.

include the *Julius Cæsar* passage, nor the second one from *Romeo and Juliet* (iii. 5. 19) under his "*gray* = blue, azure;" but in the first from *Romeo and Juliet* (ii. 3. 1), there are clouds in the east, as in the second, and the sun has not yet risen:—

"The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye," etc.

I omitted above the passage in *Titus Andronicus* (ii. 2. 1), "The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey," because it is probably not Shakespeare's; but there is no necessary contradiction in the "bright and grey" any more than in the *Venus and Adonis* quotation.

There are two references to *green* eyes in Shakespeare, besides the "green-eyed jealousy" of the *Merchant of Venice* (iii. 2. 110) and *Othello* (iii. 3. 166). In *Romeo and Juliet* (iii. 5. 221) the Nurse says:—

"An eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath"

(where Hanmer and others have changed "green" to "keen"); and in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* (v. 1. 342) Thisbe says of Pyramus that "His eyes were green as leeks." However we may regard these compliments to green eyes, on account of the characters in whose mouths they are put, it is certain that such eyes have often been represented by the poets as beautiful. In *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which is included in several editions of Shakespeare (mine among them, though I do not now believe that he had a hand in it) as partly his, Emilia, in her apostrophe to Diana (v. 1. 144), ascribes to the goddess a "rare green eye." In a sonnet by Drummond of Hawthornden, the gods are represented as debating of what colour a beauty's eyes shall be. Mars and Apollo vote for black:—

"Chaste Phœbe spake for purest azure dyes,
 But Jove and Venus green about the light,
 To frame thought best, as bringing most delight,
 That to pin'd hearts hope might for aye arise."

Compare Longfellow's *Spanish Student*: "Ay, soft emerald eyes!" and again: —

"In her tender eyes
 Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see
 In evening skies."

In a note on the former passage, the poet says: "The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this colour of the eyes as beautiful, and celebrate it in song. . . . Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds (*Purgatorio*, xxxi. 116). Lami says in his *Annotazioni*, 'Erano i suoi occhi d'un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare.'"

The references to *black* eyes (not excepting those in the *Sonnets* to the "dark lady," to which I can make only this passing allusion) indicate that Shakespeare, after the fashion of his time, regarded them as wanting in beauty. In *Romeo and Juliet* (ii. 4. 14) Mercutio speaks rather contemptuously of being "stabbed with a white wench's black eye." In the present play (iii. 5. 47) Rosalind, in her disparaging comments on Phebe's attractions, mentions her "bugle eyeballs" (like beads of black glass); and Phebe, recalling the sneer (129), complains, "He said mine eyes were black," etc. In *Love's Labour's Lost* (iii. 1. 199) Biron describes Rosalind as

"A wightly wanton with a velvet brow,
 With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes."

On the whole, grey eyes would appear to have been the favourite eyes with Shakespeare, as they are the only ones he specifically praises; and his giving them to Venus, the queen of love and beauty, is no less significant.

I may add that some of Shakespeare's references to *eyelids* have been supposed to be to *eyes*, and others have been the subject of controversy. In *Venus and Adonis*, 482, we read, "Her two

blue windows faintly she up-heaveth," and Malone cites the passage as referring to blue eyes; but the *windows* are unquestionably eyelids, as in *Cymbeline*, ii. 2. 22 (which Malone also misinterprets): —

"the flame o' the taper
Bows towards her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct."

The eyelids in *Venus and Adonis* are called *blue* on account of their "blue veins" (*Lucrece*, 440), to which also the "white and azure," etc., of the other passage refer, the sense being the same whether we put the comma before *white* or omit it, as some editors do. We have *windows* for eyelids again in *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. i. 100: "the eyes' windows fall."

I believe I was the first to call attention to the light thrown by this *Cymbeline* passage on the much-controverted description of Perdita's violets in the *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 121: —

"violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath."

The commentators have assumed that here *sweeter* must mean "more fragrant," on account of the "Cytherea's *breath*" that follows; and they have even been driven to supposing that the poet alluded to the Oriental practice of giving the eyelids "an obscure violet colour by means of some unguent, which was doubtless perfumed," — a sort of painting which both Perdita and he would have been disgusted at. I am confident that *sweeter* implies loveliness as well as perfume. The "blue-veined violets" (*Venus and Adonis*, 125) are compared to the blue-veined eyelids so exquisitely described in *Cymbeline*. They are lovelier, Perdita says, than the lids of Juno's eyes and more fragrant than Cytherea's breath.

Here, as in so many other instances, Shakespeare is his own

AS YOU LIKE IT — 18

best commentator; and I may add that Perdita's use of *sweeter* — the combining of two kinds of sweetness, appealing to different senses, sight and smell — is precisely like the Duke's use of the same adjective in the opening lines of *Twelfth Night*, which have also perplexed the critics: —

“That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour!”

Here the effect of the music is first compared to the sweet murmur of the vernal breeze, and this comparison is emphasized and beautified by the reference to the odour of the violets over which the breeze passes. Perfume is added to music: we have two kinds of sweetness, appealing to two senses as before — hearing and smell — instead of sight and smell.

There is yet another example of this combination in *Hamlet* (iii. i. 163), in that most pathetic utterance of Ophelia: —

“And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,” etc.

A “mixed metaphor,” say the critics and rhetoricians. Rather, an exquisite blending or fusion of figures, like those which we have been noting; and again the combining of two kinds of sweetness, appealing to different senses, — taste and hearing this time.

In passages like these, over which editors and commentators have squabbled with no other result than obscuring the sense and spoiling the poetry, can we do better than to let Shakespeare illustrate and interpret himself?

THE TIME-ANALYSIS OF THE PLAY

This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Transactions of New Shakspere Society*, 1877-79, p. 161) as follows: —

“The time of this Play may be taken as ten days represented on the stage, with such sufficient intervals as the reader may imagine for himself as requisite for the probability of the plot.

1. Act I. sc. i.

2. Act I. sc. ii. and iii., and Act II. sc. i. [Act. II. sc. iii.]

An interval perhaps might be expected between the day of Rosalind's banishment and the day (No. 3) on which her flight is discovered. The Duke allows her ten days for preparation; but she and her companions would hardly delay so long, and any delay at all would throw the scheme of time utterly out of gear. . . . I believe the author started them on their journey on the night ensuing the banishment, and made Days 1, 2, and 3 consecutive. In Lodge's *Rosalynde*, it may be observed, the Duke, who banishes his daughter as well as his niece, bids them depart the same night.

3. Act II. sc. ii. [Act III. sc. i.]

An interval of a few days. The journey to Arden.

4. Act II. sc. iv.

5. Act II. sc. v., vi., and vii.

An interval of a few days — as the next scene shows.

6. Act III. sc. ii.

An interval — indefinite. During this interval we may imagine the inhabitants of the forest ‘fleeting the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world’: the Duke and his fellows hunting, carousing, and disputing with the melancholy Jaques; Orlando calling every day at the sheepcote, wooing his mistress under the disguise of Ganymede; while Touchstone finds out and courts Audrey.

7. Act III. sc. iii.

8. Act III. sc. iv. and v., Act IV. sc. i., ii., and iii., and Act. V. sc. i.

9. Act V. sc. ii. and iii.

10. Act. V. sc. iv.

Two scenes of the play — Act II. sc. iii. and Act. III. sc. i. — are placed, within brackets, out of their actual order in this table. The first must be referred to Day No. 2, the second to Day No. 3. Looking to the *time* of the scenes, they are out of place; the author seems to have gone back to resume these threads of the story which were dropped while other parts of the plot were in hand. In a mere narrative this is, of course, a common practice; I am not sure that I know of any other instance in a dramatic composition."

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Duke: ii. 1(29), 7(51); v. 4(31). Whole no. 111.

Frederick: i. 2(21), 3(24); ii. 2(8); iii. 1(16). Whole no. 69.

Amiens: ii. 1(3), 5(30), 7(20). Whole no. 53.

Jaques: ii. 5(35), 7(100); iii. 2(24), 3(16); iv. 1(18), 2(8); v. 4(34). Whole no. 235.

Le Beau: i. 2(53). Whole no. 53.

Charles: i. 1(40), 2(5). Whole no. 45.

Oliver: i. 1(62); iii. 1(2); iv. 3(80); v. 2(10). Whole no. 154.

Jaques de Bois: v. 4(17). Whole no. 17.

Orlando: i. 1(68), 2(40); ii. 3(23), 6(16), 7(32); iii. 2(62); iv. 1(41); v. 2(29), 4(11). Whole no. 322.

Adam: i. 1(7); ii. 3(54), 6(3), 7(2). Whole no. 66.

Dennis: i. 1(3). Whole no. 3.

Touchstone: i. 2(30); ii. 4(26); iii. 2(70), 3(76); v. 1(49), 3(11), 4(54). Whole no. 316.

Sir Oliver Martext: iii. 3(5). Whole no. 5.

- Corin* : ii. 4(26); iii. 2(37), 4(10); v. 1(2). Whole no. 75.
Silvius : ii. 4(19); iii. 5(29); iv. 3(14); v. 2(13), 4(1). Whole no. 76.
William : v. 1(11). Whole no. 11.
Hymen : v. 4(24). Whole no. 24.
1st Lord (Duke) : ii. 1(39), 7(3); iv. 2(1). Whole no. 43.
2d Lord (Duke) : ii. 1(2). Whole no. 2.
1st Lord (Frederick) : ii. 2(4). Whole no. 4.
2d Lord (Frederick) : ii. 2(9). Whole no. 9.
Forester : iv. 2(10). Whole no. 10.
1st Page : v. 3(31). Whole no. 31.
2d Page : v. 3(27). Whole no. 27.
Rosalind : i. 2(63), 3(57); ii. 4(26); iii. 2(192), 4(22), 5(43); iv. 1(153), 3(74); v. 2(74), 4(45). Whole no. 749.
Celia : i. 2(93), 3(66); ii. 4(7); iii. 2(72), 4(32); iv. 1(12), 3(22). Whole no. 304.
Phebe : iii. 5(72); v. 2(9), 4(6). Whole no. 87.
Audrey : iii. 3(12); v. 1(7), 3(4). Whole no. 23.
"All" (Song) : v. 4(6). Whole no. 6.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total of the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1 (180), 2(301), 3(140); ii. 1(69), 2(21), 3(76), 4(100), 5(65), 6(19), 7(203); iii. 1(18), 2(457), 3(109), 4(62), 5(139); iv. 1(224), 2(19), 3(184); v. 1(69), 2(135), 3(49); 4(228). Whole no. in the play, 2867.

Rosalind has more lines than any other of Shakespeare's women. Cleopatra comes next, with 670 lines; then Imogen, with 596; Portia (*M. of V.*), with 589; and Juliet, with 541. At the other end of the list (counting only *important* female characters) are Miranda, with 142 lines; Cordelia, Lady Capulet, and the Queen in *Richard II.*, with 115 each; and Portia (*J. C.*), with 92. In *T. of A.* the female characters have only 15 lines in all.

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